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Weddings Are Contagious

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Tingle, with an adoring Neil at her side, waved good-bye to her father and Margaret.

By KATHLEEN COYLE

IT was Tingle's wedding day. The day before had been a nightmare to Margaret, the house had been so full of emotion and displacement. It had seethed with the boiling air of preparations — the sudden remembering of this or that, the jumpiness of trifles that condition all great events.

Partage had the carpets rolled back to put the finishing touches to the hardwood floors. Mrs. Partage was in full possession of the kitchen. And Margaret herself was everywhere at once, seeing that nothing was forgotten.

Her spirit was worn to an edge, her body strained to its remotest nerve. The brunt of the responsibility had fallen upon her. In that household it always had.

She had gone to bed exhausted, slept profoundly, and wakened at dawn—a dawn with the sky full of yellow and purple—primroses and violets.

A perfect sky for those who were young—for Neil and Tingle. A perfect wedding morning.

Margaret had no desire to get up. She was still tired. As she lay there, indulging in a few last moments of repose, it occurred to her that she always had been tired in this house, ever since the day she had come to it, a girl of eighteen, to be their servant.

She had come to it directly from the institution, the orphanage for the parentless daughters of ministers. It was a cold day, but she had felt both exhilarated with a sense of freedom, of independence, and at the same time fearful of the future she had to face alone.

She remembered how Tingle's mother had been so warm and kind to her. The first thing she had said, smiling with her ardent eyes, was: "You look younger than your age." Then she had gone on to explain that she required somebody young enough to play games with the children.

At that time Hub was a gangling boy of thirteen, and Tingle was eight. Their mother was a tall dark woman with very thick eyebrows and a regal look to her head. She was going to have a baby.

She laughed when she told Margaret about the baby, and said that everything had to be done for her husband, who was a professor at the university and who "lived in a world of his own."

From that very first instant Mr. Renford had been fixed in Margaret's mind as a being in another world. He was a classicist, Mrs. Renford said. Margaret didn't then know what a classicist was.

She knew now. He was an authority on Greek plays, tragedies; where women in white folded garments wrung their hands and men such as Jason hunted for golden fleeces.

As she dressed, Margaret kept thinking of Tingle's mother, the mother who wasn't here for Tingle's wedding. She remembered how she always did things, in a surge of feeling. If anything ever happened to the children she would be down upon her knees before them, hugging them to her.

It had always torn Margaret, so that she was confused and stricken. She was unused to such scenes, to such love.

She remembered the occasion when she brought the children home from a walk and Mr. Renford opened the door to them. She had known instantly that something had happened.

He had sent her scurrying to the house where Mrs. Renford's father and mother lived, and they had come at once.

She had known that something was wrong because Mr. Renford wasn't whistling. He always whistled—crossing carpeted rooms, taking a book from a shelf, or putting logs on the fire.

The tune came from some exuberance in his spirit. Except that time—the time the new baby came and lived for an hour or two and went away again, taking Mrs. Renford with him.

Mr. Renford had cried. He had knelt by the bed, and his shoulders had shuddered with a terrible grief.

Afterwards, gradually, the household restored itself, and things went on again as before, the same routine. Margaret saw to that. Every day Mrs. Welch came in. She was Tingle's grandmother. She kept an eye on them all.

It was strange, but, just because it was Tingle's wedding day, Margaret's mind was full of Mrs. Renford. She wanted Mrs. Renford to be present.

This was so different from Hub's marriage. He had married during the war, and was the father of twin boys. He wasn't able to come for Tingle's wedding, but Tingle and Neil were going to visit him as part of their wedding trip.

Suddenly Margaret wished she could be there, with them, when they met. It was because of Mrs. Renford's ghost. It was because it seemed only yesterday that she had comforted the children when their mother died.

They had cried in her arms, she remembered. It was so bleak after the awful funeral, and there was an air of desolation all about them.

She had done her best. Mr. Renford had come in, and she had said, with something torn to ribbons in her voice, "You've got to eat, Mr. Renford." It was all she could think to say—and because she had food prepared in the kitchen which she didn't know how to serve unless they wanted it.

It was then, staring at her, that he had beckoned her towards him and put his hands upon her shoulders and thanked her, thanked her for being so good to them, thanked her for being all that Mrs. Renford would have wished her to be.

That was when the shadow of Mrs. Renford fell upon her and was wrapped round her . . .

Now, for the first time in these twelve years, the mantle fell from her. It was because of Tingle's going. She was going—as Hub had gone. Their childhood was at an end. Margaret felt as stripped and bereaved as though she were actually their mother.

It wasn't that she wished to keep Tingle. Tingle had to go. It was normal and natural for her to step out into her own life. But there was an edge to it.

The last weeks had racked all their nerves, for, in spite of all that was being done, in spite of the outward acceptance, the boy's parents had never really accepted the marriage. They thought Neil was too young to take on responsibilities.

Their objections were strictly personal. They had nothing to do with Tingle as a person. But it had been a great strain for Tingle, who was threatened with their interference, and it had created a situation with which Margaret had had to deal practically every time the telephone rang.

But the day was here at last. The dread was over.

Margaret went downstairs. Mrs. Partage was still in possession of the kitchen. She said, looking slyly at Margaret, "I could stay on, you know, after the wedding if Mr. Renford wanted me."

There was an insinuation in her meaning that gave Margaret a flare in her heart. The words meant more than they said.

She went back into the front hall, where Partage was arranging the palms and the hydrangeas in their great tubs. She went out through the open door, a nagging doubt within her.

Then as she stood drinking in the morning, Margaret suddenly knew what the misery was. For the first time in that house she was suddenly asking herself if she could stay.

Should she stay? It was a devastating question, but before she could answer it Tingle called to her to come and help her dress.

. . . . . .

Presently the guests were there—all the Renfords' friends. And she herself was in the new dress that she and Tingle had chosen for the wedding—a soft grey dress, with which she carried a small bouquet of white roses.

Neil had wanted her to have orchids, but she had protested. She wasn't the orchids type. They weren't her sort of flowers.

Tingle was a beautiful bride, a slender slip of a girl in her wedding-dress. Neil's parents were there, obliged to participate in the celebration.

Margaret did her utmost to be nice to them—and Neil's mother thanked her. Then she added something, and it was almost as though she had changed the opposition she had given Tingle and was fixing it upon Margaret.

She said, her voice biting and bitter, "You won't be able to stay on here now."

The words wouldn't have touched Margaret if she had not remembered the queer expression in Mrs. Partage's eyes. She didn't answer. She smiled at Neil's mother as she was smiling at all the other guests, as though she had been given a compliment instead of a criticism.

Please turn to page 4

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Weddings Are Contagious

Continued from page 3

MARGARET looked at Tingle, the girl the day was crowning with happiness, and she let herself share that happiness. All that mattered was Tingle and Neil . . . and Mr. Renford. She saw how he was enjoying the party, and her own heart filled up with their happiness.

Mr. Renford had given Tingle away. Now he was teasing Neil. He said, "I'm not giving away any of my rights as her father. That I'll always be."

It was all over presently. Tingle, in her going-away costume, with an adoring Neil at her side, was waving happily back to her father and Margaret amid a throng of the bridesmaids and guests.

The time came when the house was itself again, wrapped in quiet. It was strange, but the quietness rattled like thunder against Margaret's ears.

She went back to the living-room. Mr. Renford was there. He was flapping his hand upon all his pockets. "I haven't got my keys," he said.

"They must be in your other suit." Tingle had persuaded him to wear a new suit. He looked very well in it. But she saw that he was feeling the parting. He was a little lost.

It drew her sympathy. It made her say, "They're all gone now." The words came involuntarily. They included Mrs. Renford — and the little son who hadn't lived.

"Except you." He regarded her with his grave eyes.

It was the way he had looked at her years ago, when he had put his hands upon her shoulders. It wiped something from her again. She felt helpless. She didn't know what to do.

This time he was the one who made the suggestion. He said, "Supposing we go out for dinner—you and me!"

She heard him. But she wasn't seeing him. She was seeing Tingle, her eyes dewy with her last goodbye. She had kissed Margaret first and then her father, and then precipitated herself past Neil into the waiting car.

Mr. Renford was waiting for her to speak. He was standing still—in the same place. She was afraid. But she did not know that she was afraid. All she was conscious of was a new, drenching intimacy between her and Mr. Renford.

"Margaret," Mr. Renford said. There was a gentle rebuke in his voice that instinctively made her move towards him as though she had failed him. She stopped when he went on speaking.

He explained, smiling at her, "It would be too much to stay here—an aftermath." He swept a look around him.

She repeated the word in her mind: "Aftermath." And then the argument took possession of her. She couldn't go out to dinner with him now.

It was different when Tingle was there—when Hub and Tingle were both there. She found herself shaking her head, denying him, rebuking him, although it was the last thing she would have wished to offer him in—an aftermath.

"Why not?" he demanded sternly, in his master-of-the-house voice.

It was his voice that forced her, right there and then, to get the matter straight with him.

"It wouldn't be right," she told him directly. "A few people said—things to me . . ."

He broke in then, smiling. He said, "My! My!" the way he used to say it to Hub and Tingle when they were children.

"It appears to me that quite a few things have been said by a few people!" he went on, and the way he said it took all the danger out of it.

She was glad he was taking it that way. He could have been upset. He could have been angry.

He continued, "Don't tell me you're not starving. Everybody guzzled but us. I'm ravenous—and I need company. I've just lost a daughter. I need cheering."

That settled it. When he gave the choice to her, she chose the quietest restaurant she could think of, a place where they would be least likely to be seen. She said, "The food is always good at the Ash Cabin."

"That's good enough for me." He gave her a solemn look. The creepy, unsure feeling came over her again . . .

Margaret was glad there was a log fire burning at the Ash place.

Mr. Renford ordered boiled mutton with caper sauce. He said, "It sounds dull, but that's what you always choose."

As soon as the order was taken he leaned forward and said: "What's all this that has been said to you?"

She blushed, and then the blood drained out of her. She couldn't tell him. All she could do was warn him that there was a new situation. She did it indirectly, taking her cue from Mrs. Partage.

"The Partages did very well. They seem all right . . ."

"Right as rain—even if Partage has a voice like a boomerang. It whirls you right out of your chair—and back."

"They would stay on — if you wished them to."

He looked straight at her when she said that. She wished he would take it seriously. Instead, he flung a question at her: "Do you wish them to stay?"

That wasn't quite fair of him. But she gave them the recommendation. She said, thinking purely of his interests, "I think they would take good care of the house."

The dinner came in then, and it was perfect. Mr. Renford praised it, and Mrs. Hallay, the manageress, beamed at him and they talked about the wedding.

Margaret was perturbed. It seemed to her that the question of her going or staying had to be settled without delay. But when it suddenly occurred to her that she would be leaving, she was lost. She didn't know where she was to go.

THE evening was dark when they drove home. Mr. Renford went the long way round, and she didn't dare stop him. He said he wanted to see the valley orchards when the moonlight was on them.

Mr. Renford stopped the car for her to see them. There was a pause when neither of them spoke. They just watched the beauty and its peace possessed them.

Mr. Renford broke the silence abruptly. "Margaret," he said, don't you ever think?"

She laughed. "I think all the time."

He interrupted her. "—Of others."

She interrupted him. "They are my life." She meant Hub and Tingle—and him.

He said, "You mean we are."

She nodded. It choked her suddenly, caught her with the sense of losing them. They were her family. She loved them. She always would.

Mr. Renford broke the silence. He said, "I've been living in a fool's paradise . . ."

She knew he meant what was going to be broken. Mrs. Renford had told her that he lived in a world of his own. It made her say, "You live in your own world."

She was unprepared for the quickness with which his hand touched hers. But he didn't say anything. He didn't utter a word. He waited. So she said presently, softly, "It's good—that—to have your own world."

"It's selfish," he retorted. "It makes you blind. Do you know, Margaret, somebody said something to me today, too. I assure you quite a few people seem to have been waiting for the opportunity. I felt like Justice, my eyes bandaged. It's better—without the bandages."

He struck the dread through her again. What could they have said to him? He told her, "One woman said, opening my eyes wide, 'The next one you'll be losing will be Margaret. She's a young woman, you know, not an old one.'"

It stabbed through her. At the same time, she was glad they were getting it over.

He went on speaking. "And how, I asked her, could I lose you? Do you know what she said?"

She shook her head.

"She said, in her meanest voice, 'Well, she might get married.'"

The pause came again. Margaret couldn't utter a word. Then she heard his voice, speaking, arguing:

"And, of course, that's true." He repeated it, probing. "You could, couldn't you?"

The insistence in his voice pressed the answer from her. "I—I don't know."

This time the pause was different. It was kinder. Then he repeated her words: "You don't know." He spoke softly, his voice as low as her own. The next instant his voice steadied out.

"I bet, Margaret, if we were to ask ourselves the real question we'd both say the same thing. We'd have the same answer."

She knew what he meant. She understood. He wanted nothing to be changed. Neither did she. She said in a surge, "I hate change."

"So do I."

The valley was so lovely below them, so peaceful. And then the man beside her said quietly: "Do you know, Margaret, you—and Hub and Tingle—you are all that matters to me."

Then when he said, drawing her towards him, "Don't go. Don't leave me," she knew that she would stay. No matter what malicious tongues might say about the situation—she would stay. He needed her. She said, as simply as he had said it, "I don't want to."

"Then stay. We'll have any sort of wedding you wish——"

"Wedding!" The word broke from her in a gasp. "I never thought of that. I was just going to stay on as—as I've always been . . ."

Again he took the words from her heart. "The servant in the house!"

She nodded. She wished it hadn't been said. And then she heard him continue: "You were never really that. You were one of us from the beginning. Don't you see, Margaret—that's why we all accepted the situation? If I hadn't been blind I'd have asked you this years ago—to be my wife."

The words went on in an echo through her. A smile that was lit with radiance touched her face with sweetness.

"Oh, Mr. Renford!" she almost gasped.

He laughed right out then. He said, his words bubbling with happiness, "I can see I'll be 'Mr. Renford' to you until the day you die."

He didn't give her time to answer. He said, "I bet that will fix them. I bet that will put them all back in their proper places—and leave us in a world of our own."

It went through her. A world of his own! A world she was going to share with him in which she would help him, stand by him always.

She saw the lovely orchards, as white as clouds in the valley. She heard the stillness of the night—the stillness of the peace that was in their own hearts.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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A THOUSAND LOOKED ON

INSPECTOR GORMLEY has still not solved the sensational case in which an unknown man was murdered on the stage of the Colona Theatre during an act by the mesmerist, HERMAN FLAXMAN. Conflicting details come to light as he interrogates Colona personnel, including PEDRO ALVINADO, knife-thrower; ROSA, his wife; and JOE PAROTTI, parrot-trainer.

BOB STRUTHERS, tap dancer due to appear at the Colona shortly with his partner JANIE DORAN, admits that the murder knife was given to him by Alvinado, but declares that it was out of his possession at the time of the murder. A suspicion that the murdered man was a former partner of Parotti cannot be confirmed.

Also associated with the case is EGAN CRANE, impoverished actor just returned from America. With his half-brother, stage carpenter HARRY BUNCE, and Bunce's wife, HETTY, Crane is trying to ingratiate himself with their sister, ex-actress MIRIAM LINDEL.

Miriam, wealthy and eccentric, is strongly under Flaxman's influence, believing that the mesmerist can put her in touch with her dead husband. Her strange old house, which includes a theatrette, is conducted by DUGALD, an elderly man with a talent for sculpture; while Janie and Bob, temporarily destitute, have been invited to stay there indefinitely.

On impulse, Miriam asks Dugald to make masks of Bunce and Egan Crane. The day this is to be done Inspector Gormley receives an excited telephone call from Bob. NOW READ ON:

"Well, better late than never," Hetty said over her shoulder as Crane came in with Dugald.

SOMETHING had gone wrong with the electric train service that morning, and, to his annoyance, Egan Crane, on his way to Miriam's, found himself delayed between stations.

To pass the time, he took from his pocket the letter he had carefully composed and which he had addressed to the leading theatrical firm . . .

". . . a short holiday visit to Australia for health reasons . . . might be tempted to play suitable role . . . not immediately available as promise made to sculptor friend to sit for bust . . . a line to the Palatial will find me.—Fraternally yours."

The making of the mask by old Dugald would take a matter of minutes only, and he was well aware of the fact. Still "sculptor friend" was a nice touch.

He replaced the letter in his pocket, deciding not to post it immediately. Better wait a few days and see how things stood with Miriam.

There had been no cab immediately available at the station, and impatiently he had set out to walk. His breath or lack of it held him up as he entered the drive, and he had to grasp the side of the big gate for support.

"Steady," he was saying; "can't have this sort of thing." He waited till the pain in his chest subsided and he was breathing normally, then he grasped stick and gloves firmly, and, shoulders back, made his entrance.

Dugald was waiting on the verandah. He wore his green apron, which was streaked with drying plaster. He said ungraciously: "About time. I've finished Bunce. I can't mess about much longer."

Crane followed him into the theatre and across the stage. The curtains were drawn about Desdemona's bed, now quite drab in the morning light.

They went on into an adjoining room, where Crane saw Bunce, standing coatless and collarless, wiping his face with a towel. The American, Struthers, and his girlfriend had insinuated themselves into the picture.

Hetty Bunce was there, too, sitting beside a stretcher with a flattish pillow and covered with canvas, one hand toying with some straws on a small table.

As Crane entered, she said over her shoulder: "Well, better late than never." A few moments later, with a glance at Dugald, already busy at a bench, she added in an undertone, "Rodin was getting impatient."

The old man, apparently, heard nothing, for he turned at that moment, bringing a large earthenware basin and setting it on the small table.

"Well," he said to Crane. "Step lively."

Hetty Bunce explained: "The procedure is to take your coat and collar off."

"I see," Crane said, and started to do so while, with his hand, Dugald mixed the plaster in the bowl.

"It's a messy business," Mrs. Bunce said. She indicated a mass of rough plaster. "Believe it or not, that's Harry."

Crane was surprised. He'd been thinking the cast was made on the face, whereas Dugald actually first prepared the mould from which the finished mask was taken. The real artistry lay in coloring the mask and giving it the lifelike glow that had characterised the figure in Desdemona's chamber.

"Lie down," Dugald said, and Crane lay down on the stretcher. Harry Bunce threw a large towel about his shoulders, tucking it in at the neck.

"Grease him up," Dugald said, without turning from the bowl of plaster, and Bunce took a pot from the bench behind him and began greasing Crane's face. He said: "Dip your finger in, Toby, and rub some in your nostrils. It's only vaseline."

"Rather like being barbered," Crane jested, "except that I prefer a less violent scent."

Hetty Bunce said: "Here, Dugald is king."

"You bet," Dugald said, and, looking at Bunce across Crane's body, added testily, "That'll do. Get the thread."

Bunce wiped his hands on a towel, and, producing a roll of tailor's thread, snapped off a length, placing it carefully on the greased face so that it stretched from the top of the forehead, between the brows, over the tip of the nose and down to the chin.

Mrs. Bunce said: "Got a cold, Toby?"

Crane said irritably, "No. Why?" and immediately tasted the grease Bunce was rubbing over his face. He screwed his mouth up, registering displeasure, while Bunce grinned.

His wife said: "I thought you were breathing funny."

"I'm all right," Crane said shortly.

Bunce wiped his fingers on a towel. "All set, Hetty," he said, but the little woman was apparently thinking of other things, and Dugald, coming to the stretcher with the bowl in his hands, jogged her elbow.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry. I hope you're not ticklish, Egan."

She picked up the two straws from the table beside her, and, leaning over him, gently placed them in Crane's nostrils.

"So the plaster doesn't clog up the works," Bunce explained as Crane moved his head slightly, unwilling to open his mouth and get the taste of the grease again. "Just breathe easily through the straws."

Dugald said to Struthers: "Hold this, young feller," and when Bob had taken the bowl, dipped both hands into the mixture and began to flick it expertly all over Crane's face.

"Don't try to talk," he said, as Crane's body lifted a little in protest. "It won't kill you."

He kept on flicking the mixture, using the backs of his hands, until the features were completely covered, then delicately worked the plaster round the nostrils and under the eyes with fingers and thumbs. He seemed to be enjoying his work.

As he finished, Hetty Bunce jumped up. "Well, that's over," she said. "I want to see Miriam before I go." She stood looking down at Egan Crane.

"Why don't you come and have lunch with us, Toby?" she asked, and then turned to her husband. "Fix it up with him, Harry."

Dugald began wiping his hands on the other end of the towel Bunce was holding, and Bob set down the bowl on the table.

By A. E. MARTIN

To Janie, Dugald explained: "It'll take only a minute or two for the plaster to set. You got to wait for the right moment. Just before the plaster becomes too dry to cut. Then you pull the thread."

Janie asked: "What does that do?"

Dugald, delighted to explain, said: "That cuts the plaster in halves." He touched the plaster on Crane's face and said: "She's right," and caught hold of the protruding end of the thread.

Then he paused, and, looking at Janie, said: "Here, you take it. Then you can say you helped to make the mask."

She caught hold. "Now," he said, "draw it upward, firmly. Slowly. Don't wiggle."

Bunce had begun splashing in the water basin. He said, between splashes, "Make a good job of it."

The thread Janie had pulled neatly divided the mould into two, and she stood with the thread in her hands looking down at the white face, distorted now in the place where the plaster had not been too carefully smoothed over.

Dugald said: "That's the idea. My! We'll make a modeller of you yet."

Bunce called: "Won't be long now, Toby." Then, with a chuckle, "Bet he hasn't kept his tongue so quiet for a long while, eh, Dugald?"

Dugald, busy professionally, ignored the question, and, first rubbing his hands on his apron, picked up a kitchen knife from the table and deftly ran it down the groove made by the thread Janie had removed.

Tossing the knife aside, he carefully lifted one half of the mould, uncovering the right side of Crane's face, grotesquely pink and shiny in comparison with its plaster counterpart.

The eyes remained closed, and Dugald said: "That's right. Don't open 'em yet," and to Bob: "Get that towel behind you, young feller."

Bob took the towel and held it ready while Dugald set the half-mask on the bench and turned to remove the other half. With skilful hands he lifted the plaster mould, completely revealing the greased face.

"There y'are," he said, "a nice, clean job."

With a wink at Janie, Bunce said: "With that mould you can turn out Egan Cranes by the thousand." He mimicked the candy boys in the theatre: "Here y'are. Apples, pea nuts, lemonade, and masks of Mr Egan Crane."

Bob said: "Here's the towel, Mr. Crane," and held it out, but Crane made no response, lying with closed eyes, making no attempt to remove the cloth from about his neck.

Janie said anxiously: "Mr. Crane," and looked across the recumbent figure at Bob, who stood with the towel extended.

Bunce said: "It's all over, Toby."

There was no answering stir. Janie put her hand on Dugald's arm, suddenly afraid, while Bunce said, crossly, "What's the matter?" and quickly whipped the cloth from Crane's neck. The actor's hands were stretched at his sides, motionless, the fingers curled rigidly, claw-like.

Janie cried: "Oh, Mr. Dugald. What is it?"

The old man turned from the half mask he had been examining.

"What is what?" he asked, mildly, and saw Bunce's ear pressed against Crane's breast. After a moment or two Bunce's head lifted and he thrust his hand inside the waistcoat.

Janie held tightly to Dugald's arm while Bob waited, still holding the towel, already suspecting the truth. Bunce looked up at last, his hand still on Crane's heart.

"Dugald," he said huskily, "you've killed him."

. . . . . .

No one apparently had borne the evil tidings to Mrs. Lindel up to the time Gormley arrived in response to Bob's telephone call. Dugald, dragon-like, guarding his princess in her tower, had stubbornly refused to call her. "No sense in waking her up to tell her nasty news," he'd said.

Gormley, with the police doctor, had a look at the body, its face still smeared with vaseline, and talked with local officials who had already garnered all there was to tell. They produced the letter which Crane had written to the theatrical firm, pointed to the phrase, "Owing to ill-health."

The doctor said, "Might have happened in a tram, anywhere, in fact."

In the end it was left to Gormley to break the news to Mrs. Lindel, Dugald proving curiously reluctant. Gormley guessed why. It had, it seemed, been Mrs. Lindel's idea that the mask should be made. With feminine inconsistency she'd blame herself.

The old man led the way to her room. She was sitting in the alcove, a book across her knees. "Here's that policeman," Dugald announced.

She did not rise, but called "Come up, Mr. Gormley. Why, this is a surprise." Dugald disappeared, shutting the door behind him.

Please turn to page 10

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A GIRL CALLED GINNY

By MARY DOUGLAS

I CAN remember the first day I saw Ginny. She came down the long corridor of the surgical wards, her wide violety-grey eyes looking enormous in the pale frame of her face, her uniform crackling with newness.

She eyed me nervously as she approached, and I knew that already someone had been warning her about these ogres who strode about under the veils of the senior sisters.

But I liked Ginny from the start. I am quite human, really, though few have reason to suspect this as I have to wield the rod of strict discipline—it's the only way the organisation of a big hospital can run smoothly.

But I take interest in all the probationers and after all this time I'm a pretty good judge of character.

It's funny, you know, but it is not always the fine strapping girls who make the best nurses. My word, no. It is usually these slim young things with some sort of wiriness reinforcing their frail little frames.

Ginny was like that. When confidence lent wings to her feet she was soon slipping in and out of wards, deft and agile as a dancer.

She had enthusiasm by the ton. One day I was passing when she burst from one of the wards, her lovely eyes bright with excitement and an unusually high color flushing her cheeks. I wondered about the cause.

"What is the matter, Nurse?" I asked, stopping a moment.

Nervously she laced her fingers together, shyness dropping like a cloak over her real feelings. I think she sensed I was friendly, though, for she said softly: "It's nothing very much, Sister, it is just that I'm excited. I've just washed my first patient!"

I had to smile. I remembered the thrill of just such a day. It is so satisfying to bathe a hot, sick body and leave it cool and comfortable.

Ginny, I knew then for sure, was going to make an excellent nurse.

I was right. And Ginny was not only capable: she was lovable. The patients just adored her, even though they knew no amount of wheedling would sway her from the rigid rules of hospital discipline.

Even old Mr. Babcock, who for months had been the terror dominating the life of every nurse in Ward 10, responded and warmed to Ginny's sweet-tempered scolding.

He took his medicine like a lamb, waited patiently for Ginny to find a moment to attend to him, and then, when she could come, he would apologise for having to bother her at all. That lass had a special sort of magic when it came to dealing with cantankerous old men.

Although Ginny was moved around quite a bit in that first year of her training, I still saw a good deal of her. I think she knew that I liked her, for her violety eyes would widen and a little smile would hesitate on her lips whenever we chanced to meet.

But I made no overtures to the girl. It only starts trouble when the nursing staff suspects the Sister of having a favorite. I feel Ginny knew this, and understood, for as time went on she still met me with soft radiance in her glance.

It was during Ginny's second year that Todd Randall, Doctor T. P. Randall the brain specialist's son, came into our wards.

He was a good-looking young fellow, the loose-limbed, athletic type, and I did not wonder that he set every female heart in the place hammering. Staff and patients alike were similarly affected.

I thought that I would be immune, but I soon found that dark hair, a flash of black eyes, and a velvet-smooth tongue made an irresistible combination. Young Doctor Randall was an outrageous flirt, but everyone seemed to enjoy it all.

Ginny was away on leave when he came, but I was doing the wards with him the morning when young Todd set eyes on her.

She came quickly and quietly through the door, moving so gracefully that there was not even the starchy swish of skirts that so frequently accompanies a swiftly moving nurse.

The holiday had done her good, I could see, for she had never looked lovelier. It was when Ginny turned to the patient in the end bed that Todd must have caught the color of her magnificent eyes.

Her eyes were undoubtedly Ginny's real claim to beauty, and once you became aware of them you forgot everything else. Somewhere in that rich violety-grey color you seemed to catch an expression of Ginny herself.

I expected Doctor Randall to make some glib approach to the girl, to set her laughing and blushing in a way he had done with everyone else, but he was very quiet.

He must have been conscious of my scrutiny, but he made no comment. I needed no stethoscope to know that the young man's heart had missed a beat the moment Ginny had walked into the ward.

It was a week later that I saw tangible proof. I was coming along the corridor towards the elevators and in the doorway of the day-room I saw Ginny talking with Todd Randall. Her head was down listening, but he was talking firmly and consistently.

Then he stopped and Ginny's head went a little lower and I saw her fingers fluttering in the way she has when she is nervous. Suddenly she lifted her head and smilingly nodded. Todd looked pleased.

They saw me then and quickly separated. Ginny hurried through to the wards, eyes shining, but Todd continued on down the corridor whistling a snatch of melody from "La Boheme."

I knew they'd made a date, and for Ginny's sake I hoped that everything would turn out all right.

It was quite by chance that I saw the girl leaving to meet Todd. She was wearing a slim-fitting grey suit, and I'd seen a doting patient give her a bunch of violets which she wore pinned to her lapel. They accentuated the glorious color of her eyes.

She peeped at me in a quick shy way, guessing, perhaps, that I knew where she was going. I gave her one of my rare smiles and she blushed happily as she ran downstairs.

I was the first to learn about the romance, but soon the whole hospital was talking. Ginny took it well. All the teasing and interrogating failed to shake her simple dignity.

If I had never admired her before, she would have taken my eye then, for love had enhanced and emphasised all her natural charm.

But Ginny had always interested me. I wanted her to fall in love with some nice young man and be happy, but as the months went by I grew uneasy about Todd Randall.

Not that he was not a likeable young fellow: he simply oozed with personality; but somehow he did not dovetail into all the lovableness that was Ginny.

A senior sister can see a lot if she keeps her wits about her, and the fact remained that I did not think much of young Randall as a doctor.

His father, T. P. Randall, was one of the cleverest men in the medical world, but Todd had not inherited very much of this ability. I began to suspect that the father had stampeded the boy into taking up medicine, even if he hadn't shown any particular aptitude.

Most successful men dream of their sons following after, and old T.P. was no exception. But Todd would never be able to step into his father's shoes.

I knew what would happen. As soon as he was through with the hospital Todd would buy a fashionable practice and then there would be no end of patients.

Nerve-ridden women with too much money to spend and too much time to waste would flock to this new, good-looking doctor. Todd, suave and personable, would be well able to cope with it all.

I could not fit Ginny into such a picture. She belonged to someone like Doctor McFarlane. He'd come to the hospital, raw-boned and awkward, but Scot determination and intentness written in every line of his grave face.

There had been no wealthy family behind Pete McFarlane. He'd had to work his way through the university and only dogged study had brought him any bursaries.

Not that Pete was outstandingly brilliant in any way. Far from it. But I could see him in a practice in some crowded slum area, or perhaps in some country district where he would be the beloved G.P.: faithful, steady, tireless.

Ginny belonged to a man like that, I felt sure, but there was no use in my trying my hand at matchmaking. Doctor McFarlane was happily married, and only last week his wife had presented him with his second son.

The romance between Todd Randall had settled down into the rut of an accepted thing when one day I collided with Ginny as she rushed by my office.

"I'm sorry, Sister," she gulped, a break in her voice, and when I looked closer I saw that there were tears spangling her lashes.

"What's the matter, Nurse?" I grunted. "Can I help you in any way?"

She shook her head and went to walk on, but such a violent fit of weeping overtook her that there was nothing for me to do but take her into my office and close the door.

I let her sit in the only comfy chair I had and then I poured her some sal volatile. But she would not take it.

"I'm all right now, thanks, Sister," she said, mopping at her eyes. "I'm sorry to make such a fool of myself."

She made no attempt to rise, though, so I waited quietly. I sensed that she wanted to confide in someone, and although there had never been any acknowledgment I think we both felt there was a warm bond of friendship between us.

After a minute or two, Ginny spoke. "I don't want to intrude with my troubles, Sister. But I wonder if you would give me some advice? I must talk to someone."

For an answer I just pulled up a stool and sat close beside her.

"Well," Ginny lowered her head shyly. "It's about Dr. Randall. You know I have been seeing a little of him, don't you? It's been fun knowing him, Sister—he's so gloriously gay and carefree. Then last night he asked me to marry him . . ."

I wondered whether I should prompt her, or even if she intended to go on, but I just sat tight and waited. Presently she looked straight at me.

"You see," she went on, "over the last few weeks I've been thinking about Todd's gaiety. The more I thought, the more certain I became that it was sheer irresponsibility on his part. Todd refuses to face up to the grimness of life, Sister, because he's never had to. The plums have always fallen into his hands."

"Todd is just an optimist," I smiled.

"Yes," Ginny's retort was swift. "And many optimists are just ostriches—they tuck their heads in the sand when things look black. All my life I've been looking after such men, Sister. My father, my brothers, they've sailed along insisting on looking on life's bright side and it has been my mother or I who has had to cope with the dull spots."

"Dr. Randall is a fine young man, Nurse," I said cautiously. "He comes from a good family. He has a name, a position, and the money behind him to do justice to it all. He may not be one of the world's reformers, but he'll always see a joke in things."

"But I don't just want to be entertained," said Ginny. "I want someone to look after me—someone who'll be a bit of a buffer between me and the hard knocks."

She kept her eyes averted as if she was afraid to be seen talking to him.

I knew then that life had not been too easy for Ginny. She was not merely seeking the comforts that money buys.

"I feel you've done right in refusing Dr. Randall," I admitted slowly. "Though it has not been easy for you. But never mind. Some day you'll meet someone else, Nurse—someone strong and masterful."

Ginny laughed as she walked to the door. "And when he drags me off to his cave by the roots of my hair I probably shall be divinely happy. Maybe he won't even give me the chance to ask your advice."

I laughed with her, glad she was taking it so well.

"Thanks, Sister, for everything," she said softly, as the door closed behind her.

We never discussed the subject again, not even when Dr. Randall married the girl he had met at some yacht club, and settled down in a fashionable practice.

Ginny concentrated on study, and I was glad when she passed her exams. Not with flying colors, as Ginny was not too good at pinning her knowledge on paper. It was in her practical work that the lass really shone.

I was quite thrilled when she was appointed to my wards as a junior sister. I could relax a little with her now.

She still had that loving but firm way about her, and the patients just adored her. She managed to bend even the strongest wills to hers, and at times we got some tough characters.

I never asked Ginny how many proposals came to her from patients, but I imagine there were scores. But Ginny would just laugh them aside. When a man is sick there is something angelic about any pair of loving hands.

Please turn to page 22

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FOREVER AMBER

★ Lavish costumes worn by courtiers and their ladies in the Restoration period in England, when Charles II was monarch, make a brilliant spectacle in the Twentieth Century-Fox technicolor film of Kathleen Winsor's novel "Forever Amber."

GORGEOUS rust taffeta with gold stripes is one of Amber's lovely gowns.

LINDA DARNELL wears this pale green satin gown in one of her scenes as Amber.

JANE BALL as Corinna, who is a rival of Amber at the Court of King Charles.

TENDER moment between King Charles, played by George Sanders, and the lovely Corinna.

NATALIE DRAPER as Lady Castlemaine, famous Court beauty, wears a superb blue gown encrusted with crystal beads.

JESSICA TANDY is winsome as Nan Britton, Amber's devoted young maid.

MARGARET WYCHERLY makes a convincing-looking old hag in the part of Mrs. Spong.

ANNE REVERE as the scheming Mother Redcap, of the Thieves' Den, has a good character part.

JOHN RUSSELL as the comforting, rollicking bandit, Black Jack Mallard.

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GLENN LANGAN as the bold, dashing Captain Rex Morgan.

GEORGE SANDERS as the becurled, merry monarch, King Charles II.

HEAVY CURLS and a magnificent costume are worn by Cornel Wilde.

PICTURE HAT with high curved brim frames Linda Darnell's curls in an outdoor scene.

FLIRTATION develops between King Charles and the lovely Amber, whose husband, the Earl of Radcliffe, looks on. As Amber, Linda Darnell wears 42 different costumes, all extremely lavish.

GOLD LAME encrusted with amber beads is another of Linda Darnell's superb frocks as Amber.

CORNEL WILDE as Bruce Carlton, the man loved by Amber all her life.

ROBERT COOTE as Sir Thomas Dudley, one of the gentlemen at the Court of King Charles.

RICHARD HAYDN as the Earl of Radcliffe, whom Amber marries for his title and money.

RICHARD GREENE as Lord Almsbury, a good friend of Bruce Carlton.

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THE NEW Tasma TALKIE-WALKIE

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IT TALKS AS YOU WALK

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A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 5

GORMLEY took the hand Mrs. Lindel offered him. "This is not a very pleasant surprise, I'm afraid," he said, and gently took the book from her knees. He saw, as he placed it, open, on a chair, that it was a volume of newspaper clippings.

He seated himself beside her and quietly told her what had happened. She closed her eyes listening to him, and he wondered just what she was thinking.

When at last she spoke she said, "Poor Toby," and then, quite surprisingly, "Would they be able to make a picture from Dugald's mask—for the newspapers, I mean?"

"Why," Gormley faltered, "I suppose so."

"He'd like that," Mrs. Lindel said. "He came all the way from America, you know, and nobody took any notice of him. There wasn't a line in the papers. He pretended to laugh about it. 'Rather funny,' he said to me, 'that they should miss me like that. Still, we're a long way from Broadway.'"

Her eyes sought Gormley's a little wistfully. "He'd never played on Broadway, Mr. Gormley. I don't think he'd played anywhere much lately. If you've been in the profession you sense these things and know what it means. I felt sorry for him when he told me some silly story about losing all his money."

"Someone picked his pocket."

"Yes," she said, and a little ironical smile played about her lips. She repeated softly, "'The best part of a thousand dollars, my dear.'" She put her hand on Gormley's arm.

"I'm afraid it's been a long, long time since Toby had a thousand dollars, my friend. Do you know what I think? I believe he had reached a dead end in America. So he came out to find me. He was facing old age, and old age is a terrible thing for an outmoded actor."

"He came out first-class," Gormley commented dryly.

"That was his showmanship," she said. "He tried to fool me. He thought he had, too. Poor Toby! You will see his picture gets in the papers, won't you?"

Gormley promised.

Mrs. Lindel said suddenly: "You didn't expect me to weep, did you, Inspector? I had no real affection for him, you know. How could I? He'd never made any serious effort to get in touch with me. We were a lifetime apart."

Gormley said hesitatingly: "I'm glad you're not pretending Mrs. Lindel. It makes it easier for me to ask you. Do you think he suddenly found out that your circumstances—that you were, shall we say, a rich woman—and decided to come out and find you?"

"The thought had not escaped me," she said. "I don't think he would have come all that way to visit me in the old ladies' home."

He said: "I have just learned how your other brother found you. I think that was a very fine gesture on your part. He had not been in touch with you either?"

"No," she said. "Some theatrical families are like that. They just drift apart."

He said casually: "I suppose you don't know what your younger brother had been doing in the States?"

"Oh, but I do," she said. "He seemed so anxious for me to know. I used to get quite bored listening to him tell it. He moved around a great deal."

"I see," Gormley said.

She said: "But the theatre wasn't very kind to him either. He had to take any job he could get. In the depression he was even a fireman. In Detroit."

Gormley smiled: "I suppose you were the Good Fairy who got him into the profession again? At the Colona, I mean."

She said: "In a way, yes. After all, there are still a few who remember that Lionel and I belonged to the stage."

Gormley said quietly: "You will excuse me speaking about this, Mrs. Lindel, but have you made a will?"

Her eyes opened a little wider. "Why," she said, "no, I—I haven't. I hate anything to do with business and lawyers and things."

"Forgive me," he said, "but I think you should know these things. If you have made no will, now that Crane is dead, when you die your estate will go to your half-brother."

"Harry?" She rose suddenly. She said, "I am afraid I have been a rather selfish woman, Mr. Gormley. I can see it now. I was even leaving Dugald—unprotected."

For some unaccountable reason she began to cry, and, to save her embarrassment, Gormley turned from her and stood looking down at the open page of the volume of clippings. His eye focused on a name, HERR FRITZ von FLACHS and then his attention was diverted.

Mrs. Lindel was saying: "I had some vague idea of giving Dugald some money—if anything—if ever anything happened to me."

He put his hand on her arm. "Believe me, it is wiser to have everything ship-shape. I've got my own affairs fixed up and I don't feel any the worse for it."

She said: "I am sure you're right." After a moment she said, smiling, "I was quite frightened when I heard you were coming to see me the first time. Now—I think I shall look forward to seeing you—any time."

Gormley took her hand. "That is one of the nicest things you could say to a policeman, Mrs. Lindel." He went on, a little diffidently, "If I can help—there will be arrangements to be made. Mr. Bunce has his job and Dugald——"

She interrupted gently. "I know. He would be quite useless that way. You are very kind."

As he was going, she said: "I shall see you on Sunday night. This won't make any difference?"

"No," he said, "of course not. I shall be here." He hesitated, a little ashamed of what he was saying. "Now that death has touched this house, I feel we might find a smoother pathway to truth."

She said simply: "I feel it, too, Mr. Gormley."

MIRIAM claimed she was unequal to the strain of attending her brother's funeral and Dugald refused point-blank.

"Who's going to look after her?" he asked doggedly, and when Gormley tactfully proposed that perhaps Janie would take charge temporarily he waved the suggestion aside.

"I know what she wants and where to get it," he said. "She's not used to strangers. You all run along to the affair and leave us alone."

Harry Bunce and his wife, sombrely garbed, arrived early and followed the hearse in the first mourning coach. Janie and Bob, hating every minute of it, sat with Gormley in the second.

There were no others, which would have disappointed Crane as the principal actor, though he would have been gratified had he seen the curious crowd waiting at the cemetery gates.

After the funeral Harry Bunce and his wife drove towards Parramatta. Gormley, Janie, and Bob followed more circumspectly in the other car, but at the railway station there was no sign of the Bunces, and they assumed that they had returned to see Miriam and took the electric into the city together.

The detective left the young people at Central.

"I'd like to see you both at the theatre, if you can manage it," he said. "Say in an hour."

But Gormley was not on the stage when, later, they reached the Colona. Flaxman was there, talking to Rosa Alvinado. From where they stood at the end of the corridor leading to the stage door they could see him in animated conversation.

However, Rosa merely smiled and shrugged her shoulders and went on polishing her gear with the chamois rag. Whatever the mesmerist was saying, he appeared to be receiving only monosyllables in response.

Please turn to page 13

Interesting People

SIR ARTHUR FFORDE
. . . solicitor as headmaster

ARDENT educationist, 47-year-old Sir Arthur ffordе is solicitor who will start duties as headmaster of England's famous Rugby School in July. He has keen sense of humor, believes Great Public School education is best, but does not approve snobbery. Says: "This is not first time the school has had a head with no previous teaching experience, but it is something of an experiment." He was head boy and a member of the School XV.

MISS MERCIA SWINBURNE
. . . Australian returns

THOUGH born in Sydney 47 years ago, charming Mercia Swinburne, who will tour with Old Vic Company, has not been here since she left as a baby. A leading actress on English stage, her husband is George Relph, who is distinguished member of the company. She says: "George knows more about Australia than I do. He toured there with Oscar Asche." She plays Mrs. Candour in "School for Scandal," Queen Margaret in "Richard III," Mrs. Antrobus in "Skin of Our Teeth."

MR. CHARLES MOUNTFORD
. . . expects no hostility

LEADER of combined Australian-American expedition to Arnhem Land next month, Mr. Charles Mountford is well-known South Australian ethnologist and writer on aboriginal art. Says: "Although Arnhem Land natives have reputation as killers, we expect no trouble, owing to wide knowledge of aboriginal customs." He will make special study of music and art of Arnhem Land aborigines.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4781240

TIGE

By . . .
COLE TURNLEY

EXCEPT for a big black dob over his right eye and ear, Tige was more or less white and woolly. The white part of him had been very white early in the morning.

But he'd covered a lot of ground since then, trying to find what had become of the master who'd come to take his mother's place.

He went into a park and flopped in the shade of a tree. Apart from being just about done in, he was hungrier than he'd ever been in his life.

He looked over his shoulder when he heard some pretty sounding friend-talk, and saw one of the pretty colored humans smiling at him.

She came and scragged his ear the way he liked, and let him take a sniff at her hand.

That was good. Like all dogs, Tige judged a lot by the way things smelt, and this Pretty One registered as all right to him.

She took a look at his collar. "Tige," she said.

He looked up, surprised. But maybe he'd made a mistake.

"Tige," she said again. "Hullo, Tige."

No, there was no doubt about it, he decided, wagging his acknowledgment. It sounded funny in her pretty voice, but that was the talk that meant all right to him.

He licked her hand. It was soft. She scragged his ear again, and made laugh-and-play-talk, and he had a go at wriggling around and play-biting her wrist, but he couldn't get going much. He was about done in.

Pretty One stopped and stood up straight. Then she laughed and walked away. Tige hesitated, but this was easily the best human he'd struck since he'd lost his master.

So he went along after her, and when she saw him she made some more friend-talk with some "Tiges" in it. He wagged and kept tagging along.

When they'd walked a fair way she undid a gate and called Tige and took him into her house. There were a couple of old humans inside, a pretty and a plain, and neither of them seemed too bad, either.

They all took him to a room with a food smell that made him remember how starving he was. The old pretty one got some meat out and his mouth watered. But she started to fiddle about with it.

Tige sat down, disappointed, and watched her hands fiddling about, and hoped for the best. His mouth kept watering, and he had to keep licking his chops.

The humans were talking and looking at him in a friendly way. He looked at the young pretty one to see if he could get at what was happening.

She smiled, but that didn't mean much, so he looked back at the meat that was still being fiddled about with, and slid a bit closer on his haunches.

The young pretty one took the plate from the old pretty one and—oh, boy! Here it came down to him at last! He went at it, and it was great, and if that was the meat it was finished.

After a few days Tige got used to thinking of his special Pretty One the way he used to think of Master. The two old humans were all right, too, of course, and they were certainly around more than young Pretty One, but everyone knew she was the trump.

There was a lot of room at the back of the house, and plenty of holes and corners where, you never knew, there might be something doing. Out in the street was good, too, and he knew a hole in the fence.

In the street you were liable to strike a few grown-up dogs you didn't know how to take. Still, they didn't seem over-keen to fight so long as you let them see you were willing enough to be polite and friendly.

The only thing Tige really disliked about his life was a human who used to come and take Pretty One off in the evenings a lot. He smelt like a snag from the word go.

When Tige had first barked at him it had been mainly just to have a bit of fun. But instead of making friend-talk like you'd expect, Snag had tried to roar him down, and not kidding, either.

Well, if he wanted it that way, Tige could leave the kidding out of his own voice, too. He gave it the works till Pretty One came out and made boss-talk at him to shut up.

AFTER a few more times like that he understood that Pretty One didn't ever want him to play tough with Snag. Well, it didn't matter. Snag wasn't worth worrying about, anyway.

Pretty One made out as if she liked Snag, but sometimes . . . just a hunch, of course, and Pretty One always knew everything . . .

Well, that ended it, didn't it?

Sometimes, on evenings when Snag didn't come round, Pretty One would say: "Walk, Tige! Walk, Tige!"

When she said that you could chuck yourself round in a flat spin because it meant going out in the street, not through the hole in the fence, but out the gate, smart as you like.

Then when you were out, you didn't just knock round and after a while think you might just as well take a nap. These times you could tear for the lick of your life, then come back and pant at Pretty One.

That made her laugh. You'd belt off again, and she'd be along all the time, coming way behind you.

She'd take you down corner streets and over other streets, and you'd end up with the whole park in front of you, and you could belt round like mad till you'd pretty nearly done yourself in.

But one evening Tige was in the park with Pretty One when a heavy, brown, old dog came up to him.

Tige stood there politely enough, but he didn't feel too happy. Brown's tail was standing out stiffly, and Tige knew polite overtures were supposed to be conducted with the tail wagging just a little.

Brown growled at the back of his throat. Tige felt the woolly hair along his back beginning to bristle with apprehension. Brown wasn't just a bluff artist, either. There were fight scars on his shoulders and flanks.

For a few minutes Tige stood rigid while Brown looked him over arrogantly, then as soon as he moved Brown became all fangs and went right into it. Tige yelped involuntarily as teeth jagged his flesh.

He heard Pretty One scream at him, then everything was just row-teeth-pain-action and the taste of Brown's thick, heavy hair.

But it was mainly a lot of jagging pain, and he was down under Brown, held against the grass on his back. He kept snapping back with all the force in his jaws, but blindly, at the same time trying to wriggle out from under.

There was more row than his own yelps and growls and Brown's powerful snarlings. A savage human roar was getting in among it. A piercing yelp from Brown went off in his ear, and Brown jumped away.

Tige twisted off his back and was on the run as soon as he'd found his feet.

Brown seemed to have cleared, but Tige wanted to get away from there, anyway, and he kept on just running till he started to hear a come-here whistle and a human calling to him.

He stopped and turned and stood panting, looking. He could feel his legs trembling under him. But that voice . . .

Way back where he'd been there was a plain human standing with Pretty One, and—was it?

Yes, certainly it was! Master! His master!

Well, this was so good the sore parts all over him didn't much matter any more!

He went back flat out and jumped up at Master the way he used to. Master laughed and put a big, strong hand each side of him and held him, wriggling, up in the air, while Pretty One stood watching, smiling happily at them both.

For a while Master rocked Tige, who was almost laughing himself, about up there, making good, laugh-talk, then turned his head and said something to Pretty One.

When at last Tige had been put down again he jumped around Pretty One so she'd know he hadn't forgotten her. She laughed and talked and scragged his ears.

He ran back to Master, then back again to Pretty One.

A sudden stab of pain from one of his bites made him stop to lick at it for a second. When he'd done that he stood and panted at the two of them.

Boy, but this was certainly great, having them both together like this!

This was the bone from the butcher's!

Please turn to page 28

The dog was almost laughing as his master tossed him joyously in the air.

Always look for the name MORLEY on Underwear . . .

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A Host of Good Things

Host Holbrook says—

"Although I am not yet able to offer you such of my well-known delicacies as Olives from Spain and Capers from France, I can now supply, without stint, my famous Sauces and many Table Delicacies.

"I continue to brew my WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE in the good old way and to mature it in vats of English oak. Ah! it is excellent with every meat or savoury dish.

"My VAT 2 SAUCE is available, too. It is a delicious, thick, fruity Sauce.

"My TOMATO SAUCE is made from fresh, ripe tomatoes on the day they are gathered from the field.

"My MUSTARD SAUCE is delicious with hot or cold meats, for mayonnaise dressings and in tasty, colourful savouries.

"All my TABLE DELICACIES are skilfully processed from the finest ingredients and are of the high grade quality of the HOUSE OF HOLBROOK, which was founded in the village of Stourport, Worcestershire, England, just on 150 years ago."

HOLBROOKS

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A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 10

ROSA held a long, round black rod in her right hand and fitted into a socket at one end a silvered spiky section of the gear. She lifted the rod so that the silver section was high above her head.

While Flaxman continued to talk, she suddenly gave the rod a quick jerk, the top section jumped down from its socket, and she caught it in her left hand as it fell.

"Voila!" she cried, punctuating one of the mesmerist's pauses.

He made an impatient gesture and walked away from her, and, grabbing a handful of the curtain hanging from battens and screening him from the auditorium, shook it savagely.

Just what he said they couldn't make out, but he was plainly excited. Rosa shrugged her shoulders again and walked towards the dressing-rooms carrying her gear, and at that moment Gormley walked in at the stage-door entrance so that they all met on the edge of the stage.

Rosa smiled. She said: "The handsome policeman again. So nice!" She shrugged one shoulder. "Mr. Flaxman is in there, waiting. I think he wants to do some more murder."

She twinkled her fingers at Gormley, caressed the young American with bold eyes as she passed, and ascended the stairs.

Gormley called after her: "Where is Alvinado?"

She paused, her hand on the stair railing, looking back over her shoulder. She said: "He is upstairs. Sharpening his knives. You will tell Mr. Flaxman, yes?" She walked on, singing.

Gormley said to Bob and Janie: "I want to go through your notes with you," and led the way to the stage. Flaxman came towards them. He was in a furious mood.

"I see you have not finished yet," he said. "I presume you ordered my set to be hung."

"Why, yes," Gormley said. "Any objections?"

"No objections," Flaxman said. "Only——" Aleck, the stage manager, came from the direction of the stage door, and Flaxman wheeled on him angrily: "I want to know," he said, "why my back-cloth has been changed." He walked to the curtain and seized it roughly.

"This isn't mine," he said. "It's—it's muck, and I can't find mine. Where is it?"

"Why——" the stage manager said. "I——" He was plainly puzzled. "It's very much like——" he began, feeling the curtain. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," Flaxman cried. "I don't buy back-cloths for my act for nothing."

Aleck said: "I don't understand. Mr. Gormley here told me to have this set up first thing this morning, so to save time the boys decided to hang it last night. I'll swear it was up when we left the theatre."

"Well it's not up now," Flaxman said. He kicked the bottom of the curtain with his foot. "I don't use this sort of rubbish. Mine had better be found. I'll complain to Randle right away."

He turned as he was going, and stormed at Gormley: "There's something worth while for you, policeman. Find out who's stolen my back-cloth."

Aleck was scratching his head. "It's a puzzle."

Gormley asked: "What time did you leave last night?"

"I don't know for sure," Aleck told him. "We all went together, Tom, Bill, me, and Bunce. We had a hamburger together."

The detective said: "Best thing is to have a look round."

Aleck went off, muttering.

Bob was thoughtful. "That's funny," he said.

"One thing at a time," Gormley said. "There's probably some simple explanation."

"I suppose there are for most things," Bob said slowly, and looked about him. He seemed to make up his mind. "D'you know, Mr. Gormley, I've got a feeling you won't find that cloth."

"No! Why?"

"Just a hunch," Bob said slowly.

"I guess I'm crazy," he went on. "Crane dying right in front of you and all's enough to upset you. But I think I know how that man on the stage was killed."

There was a little pause before Gormley said quietly: "I've got to remind you, Struthers, that some people would not be surprised to hear you say that. It was your knife, you know."

"Don't say that, Mr. Gormley," Janie said, eagerly. "Would he tell you he was on to something if he'd done it?"

Gormley said: "All right, Janie—but does he know who did the murder?"

"No," Bob said. "I don't know that. I guess I better think it out a bit. Maybe they'll find the cloth and I'll know I'm crazy."

Gormley said: "All right, I can wait. How long?"

Bob said, diffidently: "It's a tall order. I'd want all the lights and everything—just as it was that night."

Gormley looked interested. "O.K.," he said, slowly. "I can fix that."

Bob said: "And no one here but just ourselves, and, say, someone in the theatre we can trust. Randle, perhaps."

Gormley said: "I'll give it a go, Struthers. We'll leave the questions till after your show. You can take your girl to a matinee."

"Matinee?" Bob looked ruefully at Janie. "Sorry, Janie, there'll be lots to do."

She said: "Good-oh, let's get going."

As Gormley watched them hurry off, the stagehand he knew as Tom appeared at his elbow, saying, "Could I have a word with you, sir?"

"Yes?" The detective waited.

The man hesitated. He was young and a little anxious. "I've been thinking over what you said in the scene-dock—impressing on us to tell everything. I suppose it's silly, but——" he hesitated.

> *Women's beauty, like men's wit, is generally fatal to the owners.*
>
> —Lord Chesterfield.

"If," Gormley told him, "it has anything to do with the time you were sitting out there Saturday night"—he waved his hand in the direction of the scene-dock—"you had better tell me."

"It's about Harry Bunce. I don't want you to get any wrong idea, Mr. Gormley, but it just seemed a little funny when I picked up the packet."

"What packet?"

The man said: "Bunce said, 'I've run out of cigarettes,' and tossed the packet away. I jumped down and picked it up." He went on apologetically, "You see, I got a kid home, and he collects cigarette packets."

"Nothing funny about that."

"No—but when I gave the packet to the kid this morning he said: 'Gee, Dad, you're giving me cigarettes, too. There was two in the packet.'" He hurried on: "Of course, Harry just didn't see them."

"Probably," Gormley said. "I've done the same thing." He took stock of the young fellow. He said: "I don't think it means a thing and I don't want any bad feeling between you fellows. You were quite right to tell me, but I wouldn't say anything to the others."

"No, I won't," the man agreed.

. . . . . .

After the show that night the outside lights were extinguished, but inside the locked theatre the stage was lit, though the auditorium was dark.

Randle, the manager, sidled up to Gormley as he sat alone in the stalls. "Your policeman is standing at the stage door," he said. "The scene-dock door is fastened on the inside. I've been all through the dressing-rooms. Now what?"

Gormley said: "You're sure you've got the sets right? Alvinado's set behind Flaxman's back-cloth."

"Everything's exactly the same," Randle said, "except that we're using a different back-cloth."

"It's very similar though."

"I couldn't tell the difference from here."

"Sure there's no one in the dressing-rooms?" Gormley asked.

"Yes, I've been right through the place." He coughed. "Those kids are pretty nervous, Mr. Gormley. This is worse than a trial turn. Couldn't we put 'em out of their misery?"

"I guess you're right," Gormley said. "Would you mind going up?"

"Sure." Randle rose and walked down the carpeted aisle, his footsteps barely audible.

As he disappeared through the door to the stage-box Gormley glanced over his shoulder, trying to penetrate the gloom in the rear of the stalls. To satisfy himself he got up and walked to the door, tried it, and found it securely locked. He tried the escape doors on either side of the stalls. All were locked.

"Where are you?" Randle was standing on the stage, shading his eyes from the footlights, trying to locate him.

"Here," Gormley called, reseating himself in the centre of the stalls, several rows from the orchestra pit.

Randle moved to the wings, said something, and went to the centre of the stage. He said: "I'm Flaxman." He put a foot up on a chair in an easy attitude, and, in pantomime, pretended to be talking to invisible subjects.

Bob came from the wings and stood on the side of the stage.

"I can't see you, Mr. Gormley," he said, "but it doesn't matter. This is just an experiment. You'll remember that, won't you? Flaxman is now doing his show. That's very important. Just now you're a paying customer—not a policeman. Try to remember that."

"I get you," Gormley said.

Randle, a good showman, did his part. He got up and waved his hands in imitation of the mesmerist, making passes over invisible heads.

Gormley called: "I get it. Go ahead."

There was a queer, pleased note in Bob's voice. "You've seen nothing, Mr. Gormley?"

"Not a thing," Gormley said.

"And yet it's happening. You're looking for it, remember. But no one was looking for it while Flaxman was talking to his subjects. That's the first part of the experiment," he added. "Thanks, Mr. Randle, if you wouldn't mind."

The two men disappeared. Gormley stirred in his chair, looking about him into the rear gloom, then up to the shrouded seats in the distant dress circle and the higher obscurity of the gallery. He wondered how many secret places there were in which a man might stand with a knife poised and throw it at someone in the stalls—himself, for instance.

Annoyed with himself, he rose and changed his seat to one on the aisle, a few rows from the orchestra pit. He didn't know it, but from that seat Egan Crane had watched the show four nights ago. And now Egan Crane was in his grave.

Bob and Randle reappeared.

"Now you've got to imagine again that Mr. Randle is the mesmerist," Bob said. "He's talking to some of his dopes, just like he does in the act."

Randle moved centre stage. He turned his back on Bob, leaned down and forward and pretended, in pantomime, to be talking to someone in the empty chair beside him.

Bob said: "I'm Mr. X. I'm sitting next to that long, dank-haired fellow. I'm pretending to be uneasy about him."

His eyes turned to the chair at his right, then he suddenly half rose, felt the seat of his trousers, and sat down again. Randle was waving his hands wildly, flicking his fingers. He drew himself up to full height, stretched out a hand, and said: "You're no longer yourself! You're a man-about-town. A rake. A devil-may-care."

Bob rose slowly to his feet, hands a little behind him, calling, "Gormley! This is it." He uttered a gasp and staggered a few steps forward, his knees gave way, and he fell on his face. Gormley jumped to his feet, staring across the footlights at the knife sticking in the boy's back.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Smoother, richer-foaming **New Pepsodent**, the only toothpaste containing **Irium**, removes the film that makes your teeth look dull — uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

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★ *Schiaparelli, dress designer of world fame, presents four typical creations —fabulous and original. Gowns forecast elegant autumn-into-winter fashions.*

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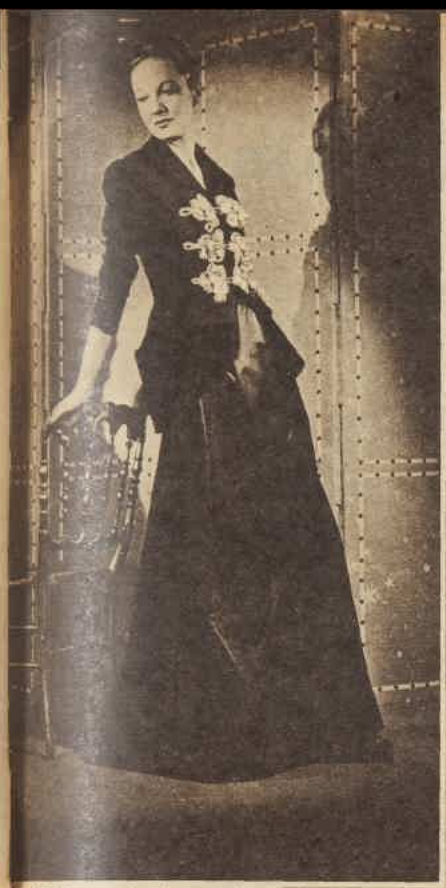

● For grand scale occasions a dark red satin evening dress has a dark red velvet jacket with golden tassels.

● The newest of new looks for evening wear combines a striped skirt, plain jacket.

● Spotlighting the waistline, this cocktail-dinner ensemble has a dark grey faille jacket worn over a black satin coin-spotted dress. The suit is worn with an ostrich feather hat and long gloves.

● Black, bare and vampish, this elegant, formal gown is designed for the ballroom. The silhouette is figure moulding. Note the new back interest, achieved with a variation of the popular bustle.

ODO-RO-NO CREAM — STOPS PERSPIRATION TROUBLES FASTER — ODO-RO-NO CREAM

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Pond's Vanishing Cream

1-Minute Mask

Gets Results in 60 Seconds Flat!

Think of all the times your skin has looked tired just when you wanted it to look lovely! A sudden date. Or people coming to dinner—and getting the dinner leaves no time for beauty parlor treatments!

But from now on all you need is a minute's notice to give your skin a fresher, softer look.

Beauty Blurred

Countless tiny dried cells and tight-sticking dirt particles may darken your skin . . . make your complexion look dull.

The Mask

The "keratolytic" action of Pond's 1-minute Mask gently loosens and dissolves dried surface cells and dirt particles on your skin.

Thrilling Effect

After the Pond's 1-minute Mask your skin looks fresher, lighter. Feels adorably softer. And your make-up goes on beautifully.

You can whip on a Pond's Vanishing Cream 1-minute mask in a few seconds in front of your bathroom mirror. Or if you're at work—your handbag mirror will do. One minute later you tissue off and see new radiance in your skin. He'll adore its loveliness. Your women friends will wonder how you always have that "whole afternoon spent in a beauty parlor" look.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream as powder base, too.

Always before you powder, lightly smooth on this fragrant, non-oily cream. It gives your skin a velvet-soft matt-finish. Protects it from dryness and winter chapping. Powder goes on so *smoothly* . . . clings for hours.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM and POND'S COLD CREAM in handbag-size tubes, only 1/2d.; economy size jars, approx. 2½ times the quantity, *still only* 2/10d.

You need a companion jar of Pond's Cold Cream to give your skin thorough cleansing night and morn.

7 vividly romantic new shades in **Pond's "LIPS"**

stays on . . .
and on . . .
and on . . .

oh, so fine . . . so *adorably fine.*

POND'S DREAMFLOWER FACE POWDER

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Girls training hard in hope of Olympic fame

ALL-ROUND SWIMMER Judy Joy Davies, 21, of Victoria, placed third in the Olympic swimming team chosen by Australian Swimming Union selectors.

CHAMPIONS Denise Spencer, 18, and Nancy Lyons, 17 (right), of Queensland, are both record-breakers in swimming.

YOUNGEST SWIMMER nominated for Olympic team, Marjorie McQuade, 13, of Victoria.

Nominated swimmers include 13-year-old from Victoria

The chance to go abroad as an Olympic Games star may sound glamorous and exciting, but to women swimmers and athletes now being groomed for the team it represents only hard work, strict diets, and unbelievably rigorous last minute schedules.

These range from hot baths to pep up swimmers before an event to a "drying-out diet" for runners, when no liquids, even water, can be drunk for almost two days preceding a race.

EVERY minute of the day for these Olympic aspirants is mapped out according to the trainer's schedule, often requiring special foods, massages, and compulsory rest periods as well as actual practising for events.

If you're a woman athlete undergoing training, there's no chance for an occasional night at the pictures, or an afternoon dip in the surf.

Bed by 10 o'clock every night is the rule, with strict instructions to avoid the beach or the swimming pool.

Swimming calls into play a different set of muscles, and this may undo weeks of hard training to bring a sprinter to the height of his or her form.

And bringing an Olympic team candidate to the height of form without making her stale through over-training is the aim of every trainer now preparing Australia's star women for the London Olympic Games, beginning on July 29.

To loosen muscles

STAUNCH followers of the hot-bath technique, advocated by former swimming champion Professor Frank Cotton, are Queensland swimmers Denise Spencer, 18, and Nancy Lyons, 17.

"We bring our temperature up to 102 degrees by hot baths before a race, then the cold water loosens the muscles and speeds up our time," curly haired, brown-eyed Denise said. "You feel a bit weak before the start, but once you hit the water you're right."

Denise is holder of four Australian freestyle records, and Nancy is Australian 220 yards breaststroke champion. Both are confident this technique will stand them in good stead at the Olympic Games.

Keenest exponent of the "drying-out system" is former world professional champion sprinter Austin Robertson, who trains Western Australia's star runner, Shirley Strickland, 32.

"Shirley drinks no liquids either on the day before a race or on the actual day of running to give her greater energy in a sprint," her trainer said. "It produces a severe reaction after the race, and she sometimes drinks as much as a gallon of water then."

Austin Robertson's schedule excludes all soft foods such as soups, stews, and custards from Shirley's diet, replacing them mainly with grills.

He also insists on short sprints, daily massage, compulsory rest periods each day, and a 440-yard jog round Leederville Oval, Perth, as part of her training.

"I consider Shirley is the only Australian athlete, man or woman, who gives promise of winning a sprint event for us in the Olympic Games—and that includes John Treloar," Robertson said.

"With this particular training schedule, she should be at the peak of her form round about the date of the Olympic Games."

Trainers have little chance of enforcing diet rules with 13-year-old Victorian swimmer Marjorie McQuade, youngest Australian athlete ever to be nominated for Olympic Games selection.

SPRINTER Shirley Strickland, 32, of Western Australia, who broke hurdles record during Olympic Trials.

Ever since she was a baby she has been a strict vegetarian, and trains on salads, cooked vegetables, and "plenty of ice-cream—as much as I can get."

Her greatest thrill, apart from Olympic nomination, was receiving a congratulatory telegram from Pat Norton after her record-breaking performance in the 110 metres on February 14.

Former holder of the record, Pat wired the excited schoolgirl from Mildura, New South Wales, where she is now coaching: "Congrats. Marjorie your marvellous swim. Please remember my old age."

The question of leaving one record unbroken for Pat Norton to cherish in her old age has been a standing joke between the two.

In winning the Australian Junior Championship, Marjorie took from former Olympic star Pat her last Australian record, unbroken for 13 years.

Other athletes who follow strict training schedules are New South Wales sprinters Joyce King, 27, Betty McKinnon, 23, and June Maston, 19.

For several months before an event they give up tennis, golf, or other sports they are interested in to concentrate on running, practising every available moment five days a week.

Most girls lose weight drastically during training. Red-haired schoolteacher Joyce King lost almost a stone in four weeks of concentrated training, hopes to be able to regain it after the Olympic Games.

Joyce is one of the oldest women athletes now undergoing training, and did not commence her running career until the age of 21.

This year, at an age when many women drop out of competitive events, she is at the height of her form, and is title and record holder in the Australian 110 and 220 yards sprints.

She broke the record for 220 yards formerly held by Betty McKinnon, and dead-heated with her for the State title in the 100 yards championship.

Javelin thrower

GYM work, weight lifting, and track training have been part of the schedule of fair-haired Victorian javelin thrower Charlotte McGibbon for the past 12 months as part of her training for the Olympic Games.

Holder of the Victorian, Australian, and British Empire records for javelin throwing, Charlotte rates fourth in the world championship class, after two Russian women and a Dutch girl.

Should she gain selection for the team, she will be the first javelin thrower to represent Australia overseas.

Although some girls get tired of training, five-foot-five Judy Joy Davies, 21, of Victoria, is one Olympic hope who can never do too much swimming.

State freestyle and backstroke champion, Judy spends every spare moment, summer and winter, in the freshwater Olympic Pool, Melbourne, whether she is training or not.

Training for the Olympic Games does not exclude romance. Sprinter June Maston recently announced her engagement to Sydney University runner Max McKay, two weeks after meeting him at an inter-collegiate sports day. The pair plan to marry in a year or two.

"Max is very interested in athletics, but he intends to make maths teaching his full-time work," pretty, brown-haired June said. "Anyway, one person training as a runner is quite enough to put up with at the moment."

JAVELIN THROWER Charlotte McGibbon, of Victoria, rated fourth in world championship class.

ATHLETES (from left): Judy Canty, June Maston, Joyce King, and Betty McKinnon, all of N.S.W.

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Editorial

FEBRUARY 28, 1948

SAVE THE CHILDREN

NEXT Sunday is Save the Children Day.

On that day the United Nations Appeal for Children asks millions of well-fed people to contribute a day's work or pay to help feed the 400 million under-nourished children of the world.

No mother can look at her own healthy, secure, and happy child and remain unmoved at the thought of millions of children who have been hungry since birth, who have never known the security of their own bed, warm clothes, even their own parents.

And no woman, however grave and lasting her personal loss through the war, can feel any resentment against the sick, bewildered children of our former enemies.

Her response to their need can well be as spontaneous as her desire to help the children of our allies who, by the irony of war, stand piteously in the same need.

For in tragedy on this scale foe and ally become only suffering humanity.

How desperate is the need for help can be judged from the fact that the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund sets as its goal one good meal a day for the children of Europe and Asia—and it is still only a goal.

A day's pay from every home in Australia can ensure that a few of the 400,000,000 survive beyond their cheerless infancy.

WORTH Reporting

WHEN we went to have a talk with 74-year-old William Fisher, one-time champion swimmer, boxer, and sculler, we found him reclining under a tree in the long grass by his son's boatshed at Drummoyne, Sydney.

Wearing a white singlet and bathing trunks, Mr. Fisher was enjoying a pipe. He had been working in the boatshed.

The mosquitoes that ate merrily into our representative throughout the interview left his mahogany-tanned exterior strictly alone.

Mosquitoes know better than to attack a man who recently did what experts said was impossible for one of his age—sculled 21 miles from Manly to Parramatta in an outrigger made for still water use only.

"I've always been about the water," he said, "fishing, swimming, and rowing. I left school at 11 and was put to sea. In those days I was the wild colonial boy of Leichhardt, always slipping away from school down to the river.

"I didn't learn much at school. But I've learnt a lot since."

Self-styled man of many trades, William Fisher wouldn't change a detail if he had his life over again.

"It's been a good life, though a battle. I've had my share of being feted, cheered, and clapped. Now I just keep things going by building a boat occasionally.

"But I'm not retired. Why should I be, when I'm as fit and enthusiastic as I ever was?" he asked.

He keeps fit by bar work, shadow-sparring, breathing exercises before breakfast, and not too much meat.

"If you'd come here a few years ago, you'd have seen a boxing ring rigged up down by the beach," he said. "I used to teach all the kids in the world how to box."

He is always seeing grown-up men and women whom he taught to swim as children when he was lessee of baths at Drummoyne.

"Didn't they have a good time there!" he recalls. "Eating brandy-snaps and swimming. They'd never go home."

Claiming he is the only one of the family to have a historical sense, William Fisher recalls: Between 1836 and 1860 his grandfather ran sailing ships between Sydney and the islands. Just on 100 years ago, his father built—in the Manning River—the "Fanny Fisher," costing £6500, at that time the largest sailing ship to be built in these parts.

An ancestor was a gunner with Nelson in the Victory.

Education centenary

THE centenary of public education in New South Wales will be celebrated from March 29 to April 23. The first four schools established under the present public school system were at Botany, Hinton, Dunmore, and Kempsey in 1848. Searching through old records we came across an account of a school in Sydney 55 years before that date.

In 1793, at the junction of what are now known as Hunter and Castlereagh Streets, but was then Bell Row, a one-room school was opened. Measuring 40 feet by 15, the school was built of slender posts, with mud filling the cracks between.

It had a thatched roof, an earth floor, and unglassed openings for windows.

There was no school equipment, and pupils were taught their alphabet from letters scratched with a stick in the earth floor.

Animal Antics

"Now, that's what I call a picket line!"

Hollywood letter

MRS. LEITH STEVENS, the former Peg McCartney, who was head of our film department, writes occasionally to tell us of life in Hollywood, which sounds exactly like life in Hollywood ought to be.

Peg's husband, a composer, was at date of writing working on the music for "All My Sons," filmed by Universal-International, after which they were planning a holiday in Arizona with Gregory and Greta Peck.

(During the war Leith was in Australia as head of the radio and music division of the U.S. Office of War Information.)

Peg says: "'Night Song,' the picture Leith did at R.K.O. with Merle Oberon and Dana Andrews, and featuring his concerto played by Arthur Rubinstein, Eugene Ormandy, and the New York Philharmonic, is still not released, but they are giving it tremendous advance publicity.

"Eugene Ormandy has programmed the concerto for the beginning of March with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and wants us to go back there as his guests at that time."

Peg and Leith recently furnished their new house at Northridge, a suburb of Los Angeles, complete with cocktail bar in the huge lounge-room, and a swimming pool outdoors.

* * *

MRS. AGNES CROOKS, of Bangor, County Down, Ireland, married for the second time. She had the good wishes of her 18 children, 35 grandchildren, and 17 great-grandchildren. Mrs. Crooks is 80. The bridegroom, Mr. John Steenson, is 82. They were schoolchildren together. Both married, didn't see each other again till a few months ago.

Royal fox-terrier

BEFORE her marriage, Princess Elizabeth accepted a smooth fox-terrier puppy as a present, states "Tail-Wagger Chats," the pamphlet issued regularly from London by the Tail-Waggers' Club.

"Let us hope," says the writer, "it will behave in a manner befitting the station that it has been privileged to occupy.

"The purchase of a Welsh Corgi by the King helped on the breed a lot, and if the Princess' terrier calls attention to the merits of the smooths it will be welcome . . .

"Perhaps my memory plays me false, but I cannot recall any member of the Royal Family having a smooth fox-terrier since Queen Victoria's day.

"Her Majesty had many at Windsor, most of which wore their tails as nature made them. She would not have them docked."

Memorial to nurses

A WAR Nurses' Memorial Centre is planned in Melbourne as a memorial to the 75 Australian nurses who lost their lives in World War II.

The committee, of which General Sir Thomas Blamey is president, is appealing for £250,000. The centre will provide facilities for post-graduate training of nurses, a library, lecture-rooms, recreational facilities.

There will be sleeping quarters for nurses waiting to go to hospital or recovering, and for those whose work takes them away from their homes.

Donations to the appeal (which are tax free) may be sent to the War Nurses' Memorial Centre Appeal, care of Queen Victoria Hospital, Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

Order from chaos

IN the year 1420 an oak expert from Winchester rode his horse 126 miles to Exeter. There he selected the timber used for the carving of two choir screens for Exeter Cathedral.

This is recorded in the archives of the cathedral (which dates from 1280), but the names of the expert and the woodcarver have long been forgotten.

On May 3, 1942, a German bomb hit the cathedral. Tons of falling masonry shattered the screens to smithereens.

Sixty-three-year-old Herbert Read—a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, who carries on the ecclesiastical woodworking business established in Exeter by his father—was called in.

With one assistant, Read spent the next two years hand-picking over the rubble. They found 12,000 pieces of oak, 92 per cent. of the smashed screens.

After the war Read and a team of experts began reconstruction of the screens. Now, 18 months later, their task is almost completed.

First, the 12,000 pieces were sorted into cusps, trefoils, quarterfoils, and other architectural designs.

Then, working with the only photograph available—taken almost edge on to one of the screens—the pieces were gradually fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle.

Where there were gaps, new pieces of oak were fashioned to fit and colored to match. As the work progressed the pieces were skilfully pegged and glued together.

Read's workers see nothing outstanding in their achievement. They are much prouder of the fact that, after more than 500 years, there was not a single worm-hole in any part of the oak—a tribute to the Winchester expert of 1420.

Solicitor author

"THE VAIN RED FOX," a children's book illustrated by Elaine Haxton, is the second book written by Mr. Franklin Moss, a solicitor in the legal department of the Rural Bank, Sydney.

His first book was of quite another kind—"The Sale of Land," a law book published by Butterworth and Company.

"The Vain Red Fox" has sold well in Australia. Mr. Moss is a cousin of Ken and Alan Hall, the Australians who own a chain of restaurants in London, and they are hoping to launch the book on the English market.

Quick sale

A MELBOURNE woman, seeing an elegant car in the show window of a city car firm the other day, walked into the showrooms and announced: "I want to buy that car."

The salesman asked for a permit and a deposit.

The customer dived into her handbag and produced the permit. But further scrabbling yielded only two ten-shilling notes.

Without a smile the salesman accepted the money, and the car was hers on the lay-by, with £1799 more to pay.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"I saw the bear when I was takin' this, but I didn't say anything 'cause I was afraid everybody'd move too fast and spoil the effect!"

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

I FEEL it my duty to relate the following anecdote for the benefit of all girls with glasses.

A man told our editor on the phone the other day that he missed my picture in the column.

"It's the glasses that get me," he said. "When I was young I always had a girl-friend with glasses."

So a fig for that rhyme of Dorothy Parker's about men seldom making passes at girls who wear glasses.

This man's predilection may give even greater comfort to the bespectacled young than Michael Arlen's novel, "Lily Christine," did to me when I read it a long time ago.

Lily Christine was the first heroine with glasses I had ever encountered, and very heartening it was to find one. Unfortunately she ended up by taking off her glasses and walking under a bus (on purpose), which was rather a let-down.

* * *

A LETTER from "Mere Man" in "The Open Road" (the N.R.M.A. journal) makes a new attack on women as the causes of road accidents.

This man says many accidents are caused because wives take so long to dress. Their husbands have then to drive like mad to be on time at the destination.

As all you girls know, what really happens is this: When a man is going out with his family, his clothes have to be found for him, his studs put in his clean shirt.

His razor nicks have to be doctored. In fact, his family must soothe, and generally hover round.

Then, when he has been nursed along to the hair-parting stage, the women get on with their toilets.

At which point, father or husband stands, watch in hand, and asks with a puzzled air, "Well, what are we waiting for?"

* * *

MANY a child will thank an English clergyman who refuses to christen children with what he calls unchristian names.

He started this campaign back in the first world war when someone wanted to call a child Zeppy.

These topical names, if no worse are irrevocably dating. There are probably some girls called Nell who aren't pleased at having been christened Dardanella, a name that had a vogue in the first war.

I once heard of a man in Tasmania who named his children after the towns they were born in.

But when transferred to Eaglehawk Neck his wife revolted.

An unusual name is nearly always a curse to children, though sometimes they are grateful for it in later life. I should think that the late Royal Arch Gunnison (American correspondent) wished when a child that he hadn't been given this Masonic name.

But evidently he thought well enough of its resounding qualities for his signature as a writer, for he passed the name to his son.

* * *

PROFESSOR C. E. M. JOAD said recently: "Love is grossly overemphasised as a subject of interest in most short stories."

After reading this I promptly looked up the professor's age in "Who's Who." He is 57.

Oh, well . . . Yet, 57 isn't as old as THAT.

* * *

CAPTAIN Alexander McRobbie, a Scottish migrant, is walking from Perth to Melbourne because he objects to the high cost of the rail fare.

McRobbie, that braw Scotsman, said,
"My feet will take me o'er the plains,
Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled
Will not be bled by Aussie trains."

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Film Reviews

★★ LAST OF THE REDMEN

FENIMORE COOPER'S famous classic, "Last of the Mohicans," comes to the screen again, this time from Columbia and in color.

Technically the film is good, with first-class production, though the script is too slow-moving.

Jon Hall and Michael O'Shea play the British officer and the Irish scout. Feminine romance is in the hands of Evelyn Ankers and Julie Bishop, as the two sisters who interest the men.

O'Shea is the best of the quartet, and Buster Crabbe leads the Indians.

Plenty of redskins "bite the dust," and Western fans will enjoy a new version of one of the oldest yarns.—Empire; showing.

★★ WHERE THERE'S LIFE

BOB HOPE and Signe Hasso save Paramount's comedy from creaking at the joints, because of its age-old mythical kingdom plot.

The cheerful and enthusiastic Hope has a grand time romping in and out of adventures as the heir to a kingdom who is discovered as a disc jockey in New York and escorted back to his European rank.

Signe Hasso looks gorgeous and plays up well to the comedian, in her role as head of the party sent to collect him.

William Bendix will bring some chuckles as a New York cop, and George Colouris is the head of the gang which opposes the plan to crown Hope as King of Barovia.

We've seen it all before, but we always can take Master Hope with enjoyment.—State; showing.

★★ LADY FROM SHANGHAI

ORSON WELLES is co-star, producer, and director of this action-packed Columbia drama. It gives him a whacking big part as Michael O'Hara, an Irishman, who enters the scene rescuing Elsa (Rita Hayworth) from ruffians, and leaves it after holding her dying body in his arms.

An incredible amount happens between these two scenes.

Michael becomes a sailor on Elsa's millionaire husband's yacht. The husband, Arthur Bannister, played quite adequately by Everett Sloane, harbors dark suspicions, not unfounded, that Elsa and Michael are falling in love.

Altogether, there is so much plot and counterplot, and such a nice array of bodies scattered about after Bannister, his wife, and his partner all meet with violent deaths that it's obvious there is more villainy than virtue abroad, except for Michael.—Victory; showing.

★ HONEYMOON

IT hardly seems credible that the original story of this silly little RKO comedy based on Latin-American good relations should have been written by Vicki Baum.

It does nothing at all for stars Shirley Temple, Franchot Tone, and Guy Maddison, though Shirley and Franchot do their best with their respective roles.

No one will care in the slightest that Maddison overacts badly.

Set in Mexico City, the story presents Shirley as a feather-brained young American bent on romance and dancing. Franchot Tone is a U.S. Consul who has to straighten out her bobbysox love-life with her Army boy-friend.—Mayfair; showing.

Your Coupons

TEA: 5-16 (5-8 expire March 21).
BUTTER: 10-12 (expire March 21).
MEAT: Red, 22-25 (20-28 available March 8); blue, 25 and 27 (29, 31 available March 8).
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 142-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is BETTY: His daughter. They are assisted in their mission by the Queen of Amoz Island, who tells them that the flame pearls lie due west of her island. Disregarding warnings of dangers ahead, the party reaches the Strangler Straits, whose giant boulders roll together and crush any ship attempting a crossing. Rather than give up their search, Mandrake and Lothar blow up the straits with dynamite, but a new danger is ahead. The explosion has brought to the surface a huge sea-monster. NOW READ ON:

Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine — The World's Best Thrillers — At all Newsagents and Booksellers — 1/- every month.

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CO-OP. BRINGS PROSPERITY

LOCAL SALES. George Vallance, manager of Laurieton Fishermen's Co-operative, sells freshly caught fish to tourists. The Co-operative's local sales total over £30 a week.

THIS YEAR'S chairman of directors, Thorburn Poole, who is an ocean fisherman, and his son, Bill, in their launch Moana. Shareholders of the Co-op. elect their directors every year.

EXPERIENCED fisherman Ab Eggins laboriously winds the which loops his net full of fish inshore in sections. Ab wears sandshoes for wading because of jagged rocks.

THIS CATCH is described as "just fair" by Ab and Roy after five hours of hard work. They usually net more fish, and recall a day when their catch was so heavy it nearly sank their boat.

First dividend of their community enterprise is shorter working hours

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

A group of fishermen at Laurieton, small village on the North Coast of New South Wales, used to work long hours, often for less than a living wage.

Just over a year ago they put their heads together and decided that life could be easier for them.

THEY formed the Laurieton Fishermen's Co-operative Ltd.

When I met them I found them to be a cheerful though weather-beaten group, full of confidence in their venture and in the future of Laurieton.

For the first few months after they formed their Co-operative they worked almost as hard as before, but then they say "things looked up."

To-day they describe their venture as "the best thing ever."

Laurieton is a picturesque little village tucked away at the foot of Big Brother Mountain and fronted by two big lakes and the Camden Haven River, which flows into the open sea less than a mile away.

In the river, lakes, and sea the men catch a wide variety of fish, including snapper, mullet, whiting, flathead, bream, black cod, pearl perch, pigfish, leatherjackets, kingfish, blackfish, garfish, jewfish, crabs, and lobsters.

When I set out for Laurieton I thought of it merely as the place where comedian Bob Hope made a forced landing in a flying-boat in 1944 and learned to dance the hokey-pokey.

I expected to find it an uncomfortable little place still basking in its brief hour of Hope limelight.

Instead, I found a restful yet energetic village, its folk absorbed in fishing and timber interests and a steadily increasing tourist trade.

Most determined of all to push Laurieton ahead are the 54 fishermen in the community.

They are hard workers with practical ideas and plans.

The recent improvement in their working conditions is due in equal parts to their own good sense and the good-natured efficiency of George Vallance, a little Scotsman whose ancestors have "always fished."

Before the Co-operative was established the men took their boats out in the early hours of the morning, fished until late morning or early afternoon, and then took their catch back to Laurieton.

Each man then had to pack his fish in boxes, transport it seven miles to the train, pay freight, and trust to luck that the fish market would not be glutted.

If there was a glut of fish the fishermen received practically nothing for what they had sent.

Wrinkled, slim Glynn Southwell told me that often the men would not be able to get boxes, or the ice would melt or be late in coming. Sometimes they'd get back with their catch at noon, and would then have to "hang round" until evening waiting for the ice to arrive.

Now they don't have to worry about boxes, ice, or transport to market. The Co-op. attends to that and pays all costs.

George Vallance and his two assistants work simply and quickly.

Fifteen minutes after a man brings his fish to the wharf it is weighed, packed between layers of crushed ice in boxes, and ready for a lorry to take it to the railway station at Kendall consigned to Sydney or Newcastle markets.

The men are paid for each pound of fish according to type, and if the fish deteriorate during transit and are unfit for sale at market the Co-operative bears the loss.

In other years it was the fisherman's own loss.

In one day the Co-op. has handled as much as 8625lb. of fish.

The 370,000lb. of fish and lobsters handled since George Vallance took

Newer Look is basically the same

Parisian designers show few really exaggerated styles

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

What has become known as the New Look remains the basis of this year's spring collections shown by Parisian designers, who launched it last year to make women more fashion-conscious and create a demand for French clothes.

This year it is less exaggerated, certainly less expensive with the devaluation of the franc, irresistibly feminine, and so wearable that none but the dowdiest can resist it.

THE second line is the 1948 sheath. It conceals all fullness, and draws the skirt backward from a flat front into bustle effects.

Though cotton has been treated in the grand manner, though mink and ermine make linings, and zebra's striped skin is fashioned into coats; though Path has lifted his skirts at the back to show the bend of the knee, and Lelong has made his topless evening dresses backless, too, so that none but he knows how they keep on; though Carven turned a flower-pot into a handbag, with an india-rubber daisy as its handle—the clothes are for you and me.

With or without the money to buy them, the lines are good, can be copied, and are the ones we have all loved since Chanel did a flowing picture frock, and ginghams came out of the little-girl class to grace their grown-up sister. Everyone will want the new French fashions. Everyone will wear the styles they set, for they have an urgency to which all succumb.

Here are some of the new ideas French spring clothes carry:

Ballet shoes for beach wear; velvet threaded through the peplum of jackets; peplums on all jackets, sometimes looped, stiffened, embroidered, folded back like an envelope, even made of spiral cord; coral beads twisted with pearls; flowered frocks, and leghorn garden hats tied under the chin; taffeta and muslin petticoats under all full frocks; suede bust-to-knee strapless bathing-suits, built on whalebone foundations; bustle backs made of gigantic loops; Jane Austen capes and tippets; stoles in chiffon and taffeta edged with ermine; sun-ray pleated skirts with pleats pressed out for hipline; two-inch velvet neckband finishing in front in a wide stiff bow and small jewel; embroidery in washable cotton on linen and gingham frocks; banded embroidery, velvet and lace dropped into full skirts at the hipline; and linen frocks and jackets for all occasions; shirt-striped frocks on full, flowing lines; white pique dropped into fronts and banding necklines; shepherd's plaid for every occasion round the clock; emphasis on hips by embroidery.

Hats sit straight on the head, are tipped forward, and veils tie these crownless inverted shells under the chin like motoring veils.

Tailored hats are simple and neutral, of rust or plain straws, in sailor-shapes worn straight or tilted forward.

Colors are black and pink, navy blue and white, with greys, mauves, and yellows next favorites.

Spanish and Mexican colorings are used for more dramatic clothes.

The length is even longer, and Perugia has raised the heel even higher.

Jacques Fath, whose collection was as original as his earlier work gave promise, used the bustle back on many of his lightweight wool suits. The bustle was in taffeta and tucked under the peplum of the jacket.

His mannequins minced as they walked, bustles swaying from side to side.

Carven's clothes, delightfully young, were nearly all full-skirted with tightly fitting slip-yoke and boned bodice.

She used waists in nearly every material, from velvet to patent leather. They gave her clothes a pleasant flavor that blended well with the plaid and spotted cottons used.

Jean Desses, who led Paris parades of spring fashions, used fabrics and colors with a technique little short of genius. He chose such lovely colors as crimson and all the Greek reds, olive-greens, and a few new prints.

He is a Greek, and is couturier to all the visiting Greek Royalty and society, and reverted to national costumes, exploiting the shepherd's cloak, the soldier's ballet-skirted fustanella and the embroidery of the Evzones.

He developed embroidery designs in rich, glittering, beaded effects for evening wear. And the bolero played an important part in all his clothes—flared, short, and with a distinctly Parisian feeling that owed little but its outline to the Greeks.

Schiaparelli gave us a new line, a new length, and a silhouette that made you sigh for the romanticism of riding side-saddle in Rotten Row.

There was a delightful snob appeal to all her clothes, and the feeling that only proud beauties could wear them.

Svelte in front, with the side slit and looped as for a riding habit, the skirts are to the ankle-bone, while jackets have basques and fluted peplums that never cease to intrigue.

Dropping her length to just clearing the ankle, she marks a pretty foot in her new red nylons, so that heels and toes show through ankle-laced shoes.

Fluid as water

LELONG endows his silhouette for spring with what he calls the "flowing, fluid grace of water." He calls his line cascade, and there is a reminder of playing fountains in the two silhouettes he gives us. The first is general, and generous, gives freedom of movement, and is unpretentious. Box-pleats, often unpressed, broad fullness, peg-top skirts, and draping are all used to obtain the line.

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TO FISHERMEN

BOATBUILDER Eddie Dobson (right) with fishermen Jack Southwell and Snowy Wynters. Eddie, once a successful farmer, began building boats several years ago.

PART OF CATCH. Ab Eggins and his partner, Roy Dees, shake together fish caught in portion of their 1100-yard net. Ab and Roy are good friends and work happily together.

...e seas are heavy, fishermen cannot go out to lay or collect traps. ...Glyns Southwell occupies himself during a spell of bad weather by helping to paint a launch being built by a friend.

...e last July brought in £15,000, ...ch the 54 fishermen of the ...e received £13,000.

...retail sale of fish at the Co-op. ...cal people and tourists brings ...ly £30 a week.

...ight-eyed George Vallance ad-...e is proud of the Laurieton

...he boys are right behind things ...we're going ahead in leaps and ...," he told me enthusiastically.

...ge hails from Burntisland, ...nd. His experience dates back ...oyhood, when he spent days ...e water with his fisherman

...came to Australia in 1919 ...he was 18, married an Aus-...n girl, and took her to Scot-...in 1930 for eight years.

...has been fisherman, speedway ..., salesman, driver, and me-..., but thinks his present job ...keep him happy for a long

...has big ideas about the future ...e Co-operative, and is certain ...ll come off.

...hope that in time we will be ...fillet, freeze, and market our ...fish," he said.

...aim to get fish to the public ...ckly and as cheaply as pos-

...ere's enough fish in Australian ...for people who enjoy a nice ...at a reasonable price."

...thinks the price of fish in ...lia should be stabilised. It ...not depend on the amount ...e market.

...said the most satisfying things ...this job were the wholehearted ...eration of the fishermen and ...endships he is forming.

...feels at home in Laurieton be-...it is like a Scottish fishing ..., but he will not be satisfied ...it has its own doctor and hos-

...resent a doctor visits Laurie-...n days a week.

When the Co-operative started each fisherman bought shares in it, and the 54 now own 930 shares between them.

They elect directors each year from among their number, irrespective of the individual number of shares held.

No dividend has been paid on the shares yet, but the working hours of the men have been nearly halved, and they are making a better living.

Members do not intend to accept a dividend until the Co-op. has earned enough money to build modern premises equipped with the latest plant.

When they have their plant complete they think they will be able to compete with New Zealand fisheries which supply the Australian market throughout the year.

Recently the directors chopped piles in the bush, and they are now waiting to have them driven into the water. They hope to start building their new premises within the next few months.

Scarce equipment

DURING the week staff photographer Jack Hickson and I spent in Laurieton the weather was bad, and the outside fishermen could not go out to collect the catch in the traps they had put down the previous week-end.

Days of bad weather are unprofitable, and they don't like leaving traps in the sea too long as whales damage them badly.

Equipment is almost irreplaceable at present.

To gain a better understanding of the job the men do, I rose at four o'clock one morning and went fishing in Queen's Lake with Ab Eggins and his mate and partner, Roy Dees.

Ab has been a fisherman for 35 years.

The launch in which we sped down the Camden Haven River cost him £40. He built it himself. The engine came from a 1929 car which he bought for 30/-. He sold the spare parts of the car for £5.

Ab thinks the Co-op. is the "best thing that ever happened to us."

His only worry appears to be the sun. He has had three sunburn spots burnt out of his face by radium, and he now carries a pot of cold cream in his boat.

For years, he says, he "just worked all the time."

"I'd go out at 4.30 in the morning and get back to the wharf in the early afternoon," he said.

"Then I'd have to set to and do four or five hours more work.

"Sometimes the living was all right, but often I couldn't get enough to even scratch along on.

"When you see how we work this morning you'll realise that the work back on the wharf made the job too hard."

Later on I certainly agreed.

They always leave their rowing boats anchored at a point four miles down the river, and from the time we transferred to the rowing boats until we started for the wharf again in the launch seven hours later they had no respite.

Each rowed his boat six miles into Queen's Lake until they sighted a patch of water about half a mile away.

They could tell by the color that there was a school of fish there.

It looked like the rest of the water to me, but they knew, and each rowed round the edge of the patch they had chosen.

While Roy watched the water, Ab rapidly mended several large tears in his net. He then joined this to the one in Roy's boat.

Then they rowed in opposite directions round the patch until the net had been dropped in a curve to its full length of 1100 yards.

Next thing was to land and pull the net in with winches on shore. It took several hours of hard work sorting the captured fish and refolding the net into the boats.

All small fish and crabs and several eels were thrown back.

When the catch was weighed back at the Co-op. it totalled 517lbs. and filled seven and a half wooden boxes.

Except for a few small jobs, the day's work was over. Before the Co-op. started they would have had several more hours of work ahead.

Some of the Laurieton fishermen build their own boats, others are built by local men.

All kinds of quaint and ancient work clothes are worn, and the window of the local hairdresser's shop carries a pencilled polite reminder. "Gentlemen will please wear shirts and shoes when they come for a haircut."

The men can't understand why fish is expensive to buy.

"Someone is making a lot of money, and it's not the fisherman," said Thorburn Poole, chairman of directors of the Co-operative.

They don't eat it much themselves because "you get pretty tired of the look of it."

A comparison of prices reveals that a fisherman receives 1/6 a lb. for snapper fillets, but the housewife pays 4/3. He gets 5d. a lb. for mullet, but to the housewife it is 2/1.

Members of the Laurieton Co-operative hope to market their fish at reasonable prices and to ensure the success of their enterprise they have put aside all minor differences.

They are hoping that their Co-operative will be of benefit to the people who buy fish as well as to themselves, and, by increasing food supplies, render an important service to the community as a whole.

LATEST boat to come off the slips at Eddie Dobson's boatshed is the Kapooka. Eddie built it for himself for "outside" fishing.

CHEERFUL Ab Eggins links his net to one in Roy Dees' boat before each lays joined net by rowing in opposite directions. Roy began fishing in Laurieton seven years ago after badly injuring his leg in a Sydney motor-cycle accident.

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Continuing . . . A Girl Called Ginny

from page 7

THEN one night they brought a big, red-headed young fellow up from casualty. He was in a mess, one leg in particular only the mangled remains of bone and tissue. It was a road accident.

They say that all nurses become hard-hearted, but it's not true. I know there was a big lump in my throat that night when the doctor decided to amputate.

I knew there was no option, though. The young fellow knew, too; I saw him steeling himself. Ginny was the sister in the operating theatre.

But he was young and he was strong, and once the pain in the rest of his torn and battered body began to ease the young fellow started to pick up. Wally Gardiner was his name.

He wasn't a good patient. He resented having to be nursed, and his helplessness made him furious. Then he'd brood over his business affairs. He'd sunk all his deferred pay in a little garage, and, apparently, it had not been a screaming success.

"I was just getting my head above water when this happened," he told me one day, his jaw pugnaciously jutting. "I've had a lad mechanic helping, but he could not take any responsibility, so I've had to close for the time being."

I remember looking down at him, wondering how he was going to manage now he was minus a limb. He must have read something of my thoughts, for his eyes glinted angrily. He muttered something I didn't catch and turned his head away.

He talked with Ginny a lot, but there was nothing unusual in that, as all the men in the wards doted on her.

I must have been wool-gathering at the time, for I was pretty slow in realising that Ginny was falling in love again. It flashed on me suddenly, and I called myself the blindest of idiots.

When Ginny became aware of my knowledge, she just smiled quietly and made no remark.

But if love was blossoming between them, the flowering was rather tempestuous. They always seemed to be arguing. Again and again I saw the hot exchange of words, but always it was Ginny who was the first to lower her eyes.

Several times I wanted to remonstrate; Wally Gardiner, after all, was still a patient. But each time I changed my mind.

Although lying flat on his back in bed, this red-headed young man did not appear defenceless, and I doubt if he would have welcomed my interference.

In fact, by the time he had reached the convalescent stage his temper was a byword in the ward. Some of the nurses had been very upset by the lash of his tongue, but when I tackled him he was always contrite.

It was just that he loathed his helplessness, and it made him mad when he had to accept this "coddling." Always when he flared, it was because some nurse had fussed a little too much.

He had been measured for his crutches, and I knew there was going to be trouble when the time came for him to learn to manipulate them. Then the patient really begins to miss the balance of his other leg.

It is a slow job, and every beginner is glad of the nurse who watches over him. But I knew it would not be so with Wally Gardiner. He was just itching to try, and any weakness would just add to his fury. So I decided to let Ginny take control.

He was in a basket-chair on the verandah when she took the crutches along. From my office I could see him and how his face lit up. With his hands resting on the sides of the chair, he half rose.

"Easy now, fella," smiled Ginny. "There's no hurry."

Wally paid no heed, and, leaning against her but more towards the verandah post, he tucked a crutch under each arm.

He was a ghastly color, and I knew his weakness was breaking in waves over his head, but Wally Gardiner was the last person to admit that. I could see the angle of his set jaw.

All Ginny's love for him was shining in her face, but he resented every assistance that she gave.

"Leave me alone," he shouted. "Let me try."

It was crazy even to want to do such a thing, but you don't argue with men like that. He was determined to cross the verandah, and he swung on his crutches. One step . . . two . . . It was a painful advancement. Then came his blackout.

A passing orderly rushed over to Ginny and together they got Wally to his bed. Ginny was almost in tears. She felt that somehow she had failed Wally.

I have seldom seen such an angry person as that young man when he regained consciousness. He would have nothing to do with Ginny. The thought of his helplessness just made him livid, and no one could go near him.

But I had had enough. After all I could not have people using such language in my wards. I told Wally so.

"I'm sorry, Sister," he said wearily. "It's just that a man feels a baby. I must justify myself somehow."

"That's all very well," I was not smoothed over so easily. "Independence is all right in its place, but do try to remember that you have to take things easily for a start. I will come and help you to-morrow and you needn't think you can get high-handed with me."

I paused, then concluded: "You'll soon learn to manage your crutches, later you will be managing an artificial limb. But until then remember you are a hospital patient and I am the boss."

Wally was still smouldering as he digested this. I thought maybe I'd been a bit grim.

"Take it easy for a while, Wally," I added softly. "It is only fair to you—to your garage—and to Ginny!"

He looked at me, his grey eyes bright.

Suddenly he grinned cheekily. "O.K., Sister."

There were still battles after that, but, on the whole, he was much easier to manage. But he would not let Ginny lend him a hand. He seemed to find that particularly degrading.

He was getting along very well, but one day he slipped. Ginny's hands flew out.

"Don't touch me," I heard him cry. "If you had your way you'd be trundling me around in a wheel-chair."

"But I was only trying to help you, Wally," Ginny protested.

"I'm not helpless," Wally grunted, as he staggered and leant against the post outside my office window. Then he calmed down and his eyes apologetically sought Ginny's.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said. "Do be patient with me. My ego's come a bit of a buster, you know, but just wait till I get out of here. Then things will slip into proper perspective."

"How?" Ginny said softly.

"I'll take care of you then, my pet. That's how it should be."

Just then Ginny caught sight of me sitting at my office desk. She waved her hand. Wally glowered a bit when he knew I must have overheard, but Ginny did not seem to mind.

"You have a lot to thank Sister for, Wally. She promised me someone like you—the strong, masterful type."

I gathered up my papers and prepared to leave. Wally watched me with a grin.

"I hope your name is not 'Agatha' or something awful like that," he called. "Maybe we would call one of our kids after you."

I turned haughtily on my heel—it was the only way to hide my smile. But I saw the gleam of Ginny's lovely eyes.

"That's quite a nice idea," she smiled.

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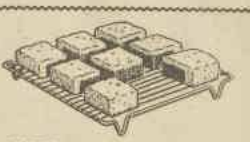

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Beat eggs lightly. Add All-Bran, salt and lemon rind and leave for 10 minutes. Cream shortening and sugar. Add All-Bran mixture, nuts, then stir in sifted flour and baking powder, mixing evenly. Bake in a greased cake-pan (8 x 8 inches) in moderately hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into sixteen 2-inch squares.

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PRETTY Neroli Catchlove and Ralph Jobson, who announce their engagement. Ralph is Registrar of N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association. Marriage is planned for September if couple can find flat or house in meantime.

AT BALLET. Sir Benjamin Fuller and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ben Fuller, and granddaughter, Pat Fuller, arrive at Tivoli to see Ballet Rambert.

LIBRARY FUND. Joan Stevenson and Dorothy Shipley, ex-pupils of S.C.E.G.G.S., are busy collecting gifts and donations for a fair at the school on March 6, to raise funds for the Dorothy Wilkinson Library.

Intimate Gossipings

COUNTRY GIRL ENGAGED. Dorothy Lougheed and her fiance celebrate engagement at Romano's. Dorothy is only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lougheed, of Forbes, and Rex is younger son of Mrs. M. Wharfe, of Bondi.

MANY engagements are being announced, but wedding dates depend on successful house-hunting.

All are optimistic in the face of housing statistics, however, and are going ahead with wedding plans, hoping that there will be a threshold for the bride to be carried over.

Among couples looking for a roof over their heads are fair-haired Pat Burton-Bradley and Roy Forsyth, who plan to marry within next few months. They are searching for a house or flat in Armidale, Roy's home town. Pat, who is only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Burton-Bradley, of Haberfield, met Roy last year when they were both guests at Phyl Richardson's wedding to Dr. Geoff Finley.

Pam Solling and John Rigg are determined to find "somewhere to live" before fixing their wedding date. They plan to buy a country property. Pam's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Val Solling, of "Eri-eriwah," Moree, celebrate couple's engagement with party at Australia Hotel.

One future bridegroom fortunate enough to have a home awaiting his bride is Dr. Joe Malouf, who is in practice with his two medico brothers at Parramatta. Dr. Malouf, who weds pretty Yvonne Hamra, of Adelaide, in July, is having delightful old home in Parramatta renovated for Yvonne. Couple, who will marry in Adelaide, met when Joe was holidaying there last September.

• • •

NEWLYWEDS: Alan and Veronica Price go straight to new house at Bunnerong when they return from honeymoon this week . . . John and Elizabeth Hull, both medicos, are also due back in Sydney this week, but have not decided yet where they will live . . . Jim and Gwenda Hill will live in Orange when they return from Tasmania. Gwenda was Leeton's Gwenda Wright.

BRIDESMAIDS Pat and Barbara Gibson and Helen Minnett toast Mrs. Duncan Caldwell, formerly Ninette Gibson, at reception at Ushers after wedding at St. Philip's. Pat Gibson weds Kim Patterson on March 13, at Forbes.

FILM STARS' photographs are sold by Jill Campbell, Toni Roberts, and Beth Campbell at the display at Murdoch's Art Gallery of "props" used during filming of "Green Dolphin Street." Food for Britain benefits.

DISCUSSING PLANS. Eleanor Houston (centre) lunches at Prince's with her sister Noel and Madame M. Mathy. The three discuss plans for Eleanor's song recital at the Sydney Conservatorium on March 3.

BRITISH COUNCIL'S PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Reg Bettington (right) are guests at the British Council's party at Australia Hotel for Madame Rambert and members of the Ballet.

CLASSICAL gown of parchment satin with Dutch fashion of very long train was choice of attractive Hetty Wessels for wedding to Eric Edgerton at St. Philip's. Mr. Peter Wessels, Vice-Consul for the Netherlands, gave his sister away. Eric and Hetty, who are honeymooning on Blue Mountains, have flat at Point Piper awaiting them. Hetty's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Blom, returns to Holland soon.

• • •

ONE of busiest people in Canberra at present is charming Jean MacKenzie, who is Acting High Commissioner for New Zealand during the absence in Ceylon of Mr. J. G. Barclay. Jean, who has represented N.Z. in several world capitals during her distinguished career, tells me she likes our capital and its people. She spends most of her spare time pottering around the kitchen of her flat experimenting with delectable dishes.

• • •

LETTER from Mrs. William Willebrant, formerly Yvonne Linton, of Lindfield, tells of wonderful trip she and her husband are having during Bill's long leave from his commercial job in Shanghai. After touring England, Scotland, and Holland, they plan to go home through America. Though life in Shanghai is glamorous, Yvonne says germs are so plentiful every care has to be taken and all fruit must be peeled. "Most of all I miss not being able to turn the tap on and brush my teeth with the water that comes out," she writes.

• • •

FRENCH Legation at Canberra, with its large lawns, shady trees, and water-lily pond, makes lovely setting for late afternoon party given by French Minister, Monsieur Pierre Auge, and Madame Auge. Guests include some of Canberra's diplomatic corps, members of Parliament, and other residents.

AUTHOR Margaret Pearson writes that she had a distressing time getting her sea-legs for a few days after the Orion left Sydney. Fellow passengers, the Neville Mannings and daughter Pat, however, have better luck, and write that "everything is just perfect." Incidentally, Margaret's new book, "Tales of Rowe Street," is due to appear shortly.

• • •

PICNIC races at Yass next week promise to be gay with most of Yass' well-knowns entertaining house-parties. Mrs. Ernest Merriman, of "Ravensworth," is ready for a busy few days while son Owen and his wife Pam will be attending first "picnics" since their marriage. June and Stephen Birkett are going down from Sydney, and will stay with June's mother, Mrs. Noel Eedy, of "Blackburn Hall." The Peter Milsons, of "Laverstock," expect a number of guests, including the Colin Capps.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Mrs. Tom Bateman, just recovered from pneumonia, crosses from Gloucester House to King George V for birth of new son. Tom and Beatrice now have two boys and two girls . . . Lady Knowles, widow of Sir George Knowles, late Australian High Commissioner in South Africa, returns to Australia in Arawa. Passengers are Right Rev. W. Belcher, Bishop-Elect of North Queensland, and Mrs. Belcher . . . Jean and Stuart Furley call daughter Jane Frederica Paget . . . Hilda Brown, of Enfield, left on Wahine for two months' holiday in New Zealand . . . Occupational therapy students Shirley Hawthorne and Helen Scott are knitting ski-sweaters for proposed visit to Kosciusko in June.

Joyce

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1 **POLICE** question Mrs. Spry (Hermione Baddeley), owner of London East End doss-house, about Tommy Swann, an escaped convict, to see if he has been revisiting friends living in his old haunts.

2 **READING** newspaper account of Tommy's escape, George Sandigate (Edward Chapman) learns that his wife, Rose (Googie Withers), knows Tommy.

"It Always Rains On Sunday"

3 **HIDING** in Sandigates' air-raid shelter, Tommy (John McCallum) asks Rose to feed him, prevents her screaming.

A WET Sunday in the East End of London forms the background for "It Always Rains on Sunday," a tense drama made by Ealing Studios.

It was produced by Michael Balcon, who has completed 25 years in the film industry, and in that time has made more than 300 feature films, including "Rome Express," "39 Steps," "San Demetrio, London," and "The Overlanders."

Robert Hamer, who directed the film, joined Ealing in 1940, and after he edited three pictures Balcon made him assistant producer on "San Demetrio, London." His first work as director was in "Dead of Night," and then he made "Pink String and Sealing Wax."

4 **UNSUSPECTING** family go through Sunday routine. George dries his hands on towel hiding Tommy's clothes.

5 **OLD LOVE** Rose felt for Tommy is gradually re-awakened. He tells her he is fleeing abroad and says he will send for her. Rose refuses to desert the family, whom she feels need her, but longs to go.

6 **QUARREL** with her step-daughter, Vi (Susan Shaw), is invented by Rose to prevent Vi entering room where Tommy hides. Quarrel becomes fierce.

7 **RUTHLESS** Tommy knocks out curious news-paper man Slopey Collins (Michael Howard). When Rose attempts to reason with him, he turns on her, knocks her out, and flees into the night.

8 **SUICIDE** attempt by Rose fails. She faces possible prison sentence. Tommy is caught. George soothes her, acts as though nothing has happened.

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CHANGE NOW

Tige

Continued from page 11

EVEN though they were talking to each other, they seemed to know he was still there, as if they might be talking about him. They began to walk, still talking.

Tige walked along close beside them. He was happy at the way things had turned out, but he hadn't entirely forgotten Brown, and close to Master seemed the best place to stay.

They walked all round the park, and started walking round it again. There didn't seem to be any more sign of Brown.

Master and Pretty One kept on walking around till it was quite dark and Tige was getting hungry and beginning to think he'd just as soon be getting home himself.

Everything seemed to go just the way he wanted it since the fight. There they were, leaving the park now.

When they got back home they stopped at the gate talking. Tige sat and waited. A car came up. Tige got off his haunches and backed off a little, resisting the old desire to get tough. It was Snag.

The three of them talked for a little while, though Pretty One did most of it.

Master didn't seem to like Snag any more than Tige did. It wasn't long before Master started to walk away. But Pretty One wasn't going with him. In fact, she was opening the gate and going inside with Snag.

This was a spot. Tige felt he ought to go with Master, in a way. And yet he couldn't leave Pretty One.

Pretty One was calling him, anyway, and he really lived with her now, of course. And Master wasn't calling; he was just walking away in the dusk.

But he was sure to come back. That's why he was just walking a w a y without calling like that. So Tige went in the gate. One thing he knew, he'd never been so hungry in his life.

Not that he got fed right off, but there was a fair bit of it when old Pretty One did give it to him.

He heard young Pretty One's voice round the front as he stood licking the last grease off his chops. He went round to see what was doing. She was with Snag, by the car. They were talking, but it didn't seem to be very friendly talk.

Snag opened the car door for Pretty One, but she didn't get in.

She stood talking some more, not smiling, but more like the way she talked to Tige when she found him digging a hole or something. Snag talked back, but his talk never was easy on the ear.

When he finished Pretty One snapped some short talk at him and started to walk back to the gate without him. He caught hold of her.

Tige growled. He had a feeling that just then Pretty One wouldn't object. But there wasn't any point in more than the one growl, because Snag seemed to be doing his best to talk friendly again.

Pretty One talked back the same way, not exactly doing her best, but rather like when Tige came away from the hole and wagged at her. They got into the car then, and drove away.

Pretty One took Tige down to the park again the next evening, and then what he'd been secretly wishing had come true. There was Master!

He smiled, and made friend-talk, and lifted Tige up in the air. When he put him down he tugged Tige's tail.

But he wasn't looking down at Tige. Tige thought he must be looking for Pretty One, so he nicked off towards where she was walking. He looked back half-way and saw Master coming on with his long, quick walk.

Master called out and waved his arm. She waved back to him and waited on the path. Tige ran around a bit and they ended up all getting together at once.

Going down to the park in the evenings got to be pretty regular from then on, and Master was always there, and he'd come home as far as the gate with them, and then he'd go off on his own.

Some evenings Snag would come in his car later on. Not so often these days, though; so one way and another things were good.

One night a different car came. There was something about it . . . of course! Tige had been in it once, just soon after Master took over from his mother.

Master got out, talking friend-talk, and pushed his legs along, through Tige's careerings, up to the front door.

After that Master took Pretty One off in his car on nearly all the nights Snag didn't come.

One of those nights when Snag did come, a long while after they'd driven away, Tige lifted his chin from the doormat. A car door had slammed. They were back.

They were standing by the car. The gate had been left half-open and he could go right out with them in the street. But he didn't run around Pretty One, not only because she didn't notice him, but because there was something bristly about her, like his mother once, with a cat.

As for Snag, to-night he seemed more of a snag than ever. So much so that Tige couldn't help himself growling.

Snag looked down at the growl and snarled at Tige to shut up. Tige felt he needn't restrain himself with Pretty One the way she was, so he gave a decent fighting growl and a good, tough bark or two. Then, before he knew what had struck him, he was staggering back, yelping, and his ribs were all pain where Snag's foot had connected. And he hadn't even got a snap in.

Well, he'd fix that!

But Pretty One was yelling at him, high, keep-out-of-it yells. It was hard to obey her, but while he hesitated Pretty One turned to Snag and slapped him hard across the cheek.

That was a fair enough okay. Tige went at it again, and even though Snag's heel sent him sprawling back to where he'd been, at least this time he took a good hunk of trouser with him.

Before Tige could make any more of it, Snag got into his car. That was the last Tige ever saw of him.

This just suited Tige! What suited him even better was that Master came around all the time after that.

There was a lot of fuss one day, which wound up when Pretty One went off looking all white, and the two old ones with her. But only the old ones came back, and for a lot of days things were dull round the place, and Tige didn't feel too good at all. Then one day he looked up from the verandah and wow! Here they both were!

Master held him up in the air and Pretty One scragged his ears.

Late that day was best of the lot, though, when they drove off — because they had Tige in the car with them! When they got out it was at a different house, where he hadn't been before.

They stayed there day after day, only Master went off in the mornings and came home again at night, but that was all right with Tige.

There were plenty of places to nose around, and it didn't matter about a hole in the fence, because it was a low one. You could jump right over it.

They stayed there so long that Tige got used to the place and reckoned that was where he lived.

But one thing came along that had him licked. Pretty One went away for a while, then Master went to get her, and when he brought her back she'd got hold of a—well, what? That was the puzzle.

It had a funny smell, sort of like puppies, only human. Tige would sit for long sessions near to it, his woolly head cocked on one side, trying to figure it out.

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> *"Alcoholism may be the source of much human misery, but, fundamentally, human misery is the source of alcoholism."*
>
> —Dr. E. M. Jellinek, Director of Yale School of Alcohol Studies, U.S.A.

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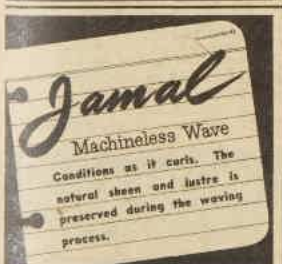

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Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

THIS week's mail included a letter from a bride-to-be asking about fashion trends that will not be quickly outdated; a Western Australian wrote asking what she would bring on a holiday to N.S.W. in June; and another letter asked for help in minimising figure faults.

"I AM to be married shortly and as I am making quite a few frocks I would be glad to have your advice as to the trend of fashion. What is the newest silhouette? Are draped frocks still worn? What are the merits of sunray pleating versus a tiered skirt? Are short sleeves likely to be out next summer?"

In Paris the newest silhouette has narrow shoulders, a rounded bust, wasp waist, and fantastically full skirt—its length is 12in. from the ground. When necessary the hipline is padded. In U.S.A. the same silhouette is followed but often modified. Drapes are in, especially a back drape with an enormous amount of fullness. Both sunray pleating and tiers are featured in current and coming fashions. Which you choose is a matter for your personal taste. A cuffed sleeve reaching to below the elbow length that can also be worn pushed up above the elbow is newer and smarter than a really short length. You will be quite safe in choosing this length, as it is a chic fashion and here to stay.

Brunette bride

"HAVING seen quite a number of your designs I was wondering if you could help me by designing my wedding gown. I would like a draped style made in white satin. I would also like your suggestion for a bridal headdress, something unusual and right away from the conventional wreath of flowers or orange blossom. I am a brunette with a tall, slim figure."

Draped white satin would make a lovely bridal gown and one that would be specially flattering to your figure and coloring. Have the design draped at the hipline, with a close-fitting bodice and a skirt finished with a train. A tulle veil held by a wreath of satin bows would be a new and unusual headdress.

June holiday

"I AM coming from the West to pay a visit to N.S.W., and would like some advice on climatic conditions and the clothes I will need. I will be arriving in June and staying in Sydney, and also visiting Katoomba, in the Blue Mountains. Will I need warm clothes?"

Sydney in June is cold, but not unpleasantly so. This year we have had a very late summer, so it is possible we may have a warm late autumn. Even if this is so, you will need your winter clothes; we consider June the start of winter. Katoomba will be cold; extremely cold in the early morning and when the sun goes down. About clothes, well, my advice is don't clutter yourself up with too much luggage; the amount of clothes to pack, of course, depends on the length of your stay. A suit, a topcoat, two sweaters, one blouse, a dress for afternoon and later, a dinner dress, sports skirt (can be worn with sweaters), plus suitable accessories and lingerie should be quite adequate for a holiday lasting for two to four weeks. By the way, include a comfortable pair of walking shoes in your accessories; they will be useful during your stay in Katoomba.

Camouflage

"I AM writing to Dress Sense hoping you can advise and help me disguise two figure faults, a high abdomen and a thick waistline. I wear the best of corsets, but the figure faults are still quite noticeable. I am a very busy woman and certainly have not the time to do the exercises I often see recommended in various magazines. Do you think these faults could be disguised with the correct dress line?"

BRIDAL gown of draped white satin is designed on flattering lines.

In middle life or later two of the most common figure faults are those you mention. However, they can, like all figure faults, be camouflaged, or at least minimised, by clothes selected for that purpose. The thing is to select lines that emphasise your good points as well as minimising your bad ones. You should avoid all tight-fitting clothes, double-breasted styles, and narrow skirts. Never accent your waist with a wide or contrasting belt. A skirt with a modified front drapery or fullness is good. Interesting shoulder detail, contrasting yokes, and vestees will draw the eyes away from the waist and lower part of the body. Boxy coats are excellent, so are boxy jackets. Don't wear materials printed in dramatic patterns or extra thick woollen fabrics.

Versatile jerkin

"I WONDER if you could suggest some type of garment to take the place of a sleeveless sweater. Would a sleeveless jacket be more in keeping with the present fashion?"

Not a sleeveless jacket—a sleeveless jerkin made in brightly colored flannel, finished with gilt buttons. This type of garment would look smart with slacks, skirts, and casual dresses.

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 G.P.O., Sydney.

Time for the pictures—even on washday!

Rinso's THICKER, RICHER SUDS

cut out the rub an' scrub!

Why not set a new speed record in the laundry, ladies? Give up rubbing with bar-soap and let Rinso do the work! A sprinkle of Rinso in the water . . . a whisk or two with the copper stick . . . and away go those thicker, richer suds — deep down under the water where the dirty clothes are. Your wash will come out not just clean but SPARKLING! And look at the clock! You've time for other things.

Z258.87a

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!

Backache, rheumatic pains, may be due to tired kidneys.

Nagging Backache Disappears

You can romp again with children and enjoy it, once you discover how to relieve that nagging backache. Often the trouble lies in tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's way of taking excess acids and wastes out of the blood. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Act now. Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poison wastes from your blood, and bring you happy relief.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES ALL OVER THE WORLD!

DOAN'S

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Australia's Luxury Broom is back again!

Real bristles that never sag or come out
...streamlined head with rubber furniture guard
...specially selected wood perfectly polished
...yet the most inexpensive broom money can buy

The DUSTMASTER

The Lightest, most Durable, and most Efficient Broom in Australia

Back again! Again in gradually increasing quantities—the broom that sweeps all competition into the background—the broom that bristles with good points—the DUSTMASTER! Not a particle of dust can escape this feather-light super-broom. It sweeps as clean as a whistle . . . smoothly and with effortless ease. The demand is such that production cannot always keep pace . . . but see your store without delay. Dustmaster Brooms are made with two lengths of bristles.

Prices 15/6 and 19/11

REAL, IMPORTED, NON-MATTING BRISTLES

When you buy a Dustmaster you buy a broom that is different in every respect to any other on the market. First — and most important of all — the Dustmaster has *closely-packed rows of real bristles (not common hair).* No other brooms, except highly-expensive types, have these bristles.

BRISTLES NEVER SAG OR FALL OUT

The bristles of a Dustmaster never lie down on the job. They never mat, tangle, sag or moult. *They are set in a bakelite moulding and become part of the brush.* This is done by a patented process which cannot be imitated.

LIGHT AS A FEATHER

The wood used in the Dustmaster has been specially selected for its LIGHTNESS as well as its beauty and strength.

RUBBER PROTECTOR PREVENTS DAMAGE TO FURNITURE

Around the streamlined head of the Dustmaster is a rubber guard which prevents furniture from being scratched or knocked.

Here's the Difference

Above is a reproduction from an un-retouched photograph of a Dustmaster broom after FIVE YEARS of daily use in a large Sydney home.

Here is an ordinary good quality hair broom after only nine months' use. Compare it with the Dustmaster above. It pays to buy the best.

STILL ANOTHER FAMOUS DUSTMASTER PRODUCT!

For your furniture or your polish mop you can once again use DUSTMASTER POLISH — the polish that is a cleaner as well. It gives a lustre that lingers, a gleaming beauty that lasts. You use less effort and less polish to get a better sheen.

20 oz. bottles 2/9. 8 oz. bottles 1/3

DUSTMASTER POLISH

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YOUR FACE IS NOT MADE OF

BRONZE

If you do not take care of it, time will quickly make it fade. Protect it with a rational and active treatment using regularly Crème Simon the different skinfood used a different way.

CRÈME SIMON

And its natural complement, the perfect powder base.

CRÈME SIMON M.A.T

To make your hands smoother whiter softer

Make and keep your hands soft and smooth by using Amami Hand Jelly regularly. Simply rub in the Jelly after washing. Amami Hand Jelly contains soothing almond oil, is non-greasy and is completely absorbed thirty seconds after applying.

Price, 1/1½ per tube.

AMAMI ALMOND OIL HAND JELLY

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

IDEAL FOR BABY'S WOOLLIES, ETC.

Whitex

A Special Laundry Rinse to Whiten and keep White all Woollen and Silk Materials.

NEVER SAY "DYE," SAY

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

COTTON SILK WOOL RAYON LINEN AND MIXED GOODS

Contours

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

For those who feel they need additional means to bring firmness to face contours, and more resilience to the muscle structure that helps keep the skin young, here are some daily facial gymnastics.

1—FOR THE MUSCLES UNDER THE CHIN: Sit upright, drop the head back as far as possible, and, placing the palm of the left hand upon the forehead, slowly lift the head, at the same time resisting the lift by pressing back on the forehead with the left hand.

2—TO STRENGTHEN CHEEK MUSCLES AND IMPROVE CONTOUR: Sit with head erect, shoulders back and down, and blow out the cheeks as if blowing a whistle. Now, keeping the teeth slightly apart, suck the cheeks in as far as possible, so that they go between the teeth.

3—TO SPARKLE THE EYES AND ROUND THE CHEEKS: Move the head back as far as it will go, look up, opening the eyes to their fullest extent. Now, fill the cheeks with air and blow it out slowly in a series of small puffs.

4—TO PREVENT LINES AROUND THE MOUTH: Push the lips forward, slip a visiting-card between them, then roll the lips in and under until they are almost invisible. Take three long breaths, then relax.

5—FOR A YOUTHFUL THROAT AND JAWLINE: Tilt the head back, look up, and open the mouth wide. Close the lips slowly by pulling up the lower jaw, feeling the tension beneath the chin. Hold the head in this position, then lift the head back to normal by pulling up rather than forward.

6—Clear-cut contours are important to every pretty face, and the slightest muscle sag can impart quite a different expression. So choose and use wisely the exercise needed to retain a clear-cut look—results are well worth it.

OVER-MOTHERING IS SELFISH

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOU should encourage self-reliance early, as there is often a tendency to over-mother your toddler and keep it dependent on you for too long.

This is really selfish and it is not kind to the child, as the need for self-help and independence in every-day living is felt by every adult in these days of keen competition.

Therefore it is most important for the child to learn habits of self-help early in life.

A leaflet describing how this self-reliance can be taught may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

here's the safe way to buy lamps

Any lamp which bears the PHILIPS brand is safe. It is a lamp made to the world's highest standards of efficiency—a lamp designed to give you the maximum number of hours of effective lighting.

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MADE IN AUSTRALIA

With MEDS the Accent is on Freedom

There is complete freedom, a full sense of protection and extra safety with Meds, the internal sanitary protection.

Meds THE MODESS TAMPON

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings

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Bourn-vita is a family health food . . . as good for grown-ups as it is for children. Bourn-vita is made of rich, health-giving malt extract, to which is added eggs, milk and chocolate by a special Cadbury process. The result is a food drink that has become the most popular beverage of its kind in Australia.

Bourn-vita is so versatile too. Have you ever tried it as a milk shake? If it's a hot day tomorrow, put two teaspoons of Bourn-vita into a glass of icy cold milk . . . whisk it . . . and your Bourn-vita milk shake is ready. It cools you down and it peps you up by putting into your system a new, vital store of energy. Or if the night turns chilly and the worries of the day have made sleep hard to get, then try Bourn-vita in hot milk. When you lie down you can feel yourself relax . . . feel taut muscles loosen . . . and before you know it you drift off into deep, sound, refreshing sleep.

There's nothing like Bourn-vita as a family food drink. It's a "winner" for energetic children, especially at parties . . . a safe, easily digested restorative for invalids and convalescents . . . a delicious and nourishing reviver between meals . . . and a nightcap without equal – for Bourn-vita before bed ensures good nights and good mornings for all. Buy some – serve it every day.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

JUST AS DELICIOUS AND EQUALLY NOURISHING – HOT OR COLD

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Light Summer Dinners

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

MENUS suggested on this page are planned for hot days, to provide meals that are satisfying without being heavy.

Save your favorite baked and steamed puddings for the colder days, and serve a light, cool sweet after a hot main course.

Menu 1

(See color photograph).
Stuffed summer squash
Spaghetti with tomato puree
Sliced carrots, green peas
Stewed plums, velvety baked custard
Fruit *Biscuits and cheese*

STUFFED SUMMER SQUASH

Five or 6 baby squash, ¾ cup thick white sauce, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1½ cups diced cooked rabbit or chicken, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons diced ham (or cooked bacon), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Wash and dry squash, scoop centres, dust with salt and pepper. Combine all other ingredients, season to taste. Fill into squash. Stand in baking-dish with sufficient hot water to create steam. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until squash are tender and filling heated. Serve hot. The same filling may be used to stuff halved baby marrows.

VELVETY BAKED CUSTARD

One pint warm water, 3 heaped tablespoons powdered milk, 2 large (or 3 small) eggs, 3 dessertspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg.

Whip powdered milk into warmed water, add beaten eggs, sugar, and vanilla. Pour into ovenware dish, dust with nutmeg. Stand in dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven until set (45 to 50 minutes). Allow to become quite cold before serving.

Menu 2

Chilled celery cream soup
Fish luncheon salad
Cheese rolls *Golden meringue tart*

CHILLED CELERY CREAM SOUP

One head celery, 1 slice onion, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint milk, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon sugar, pinch cayenne pepper.

Wash celery, cut into small pieces. Place in pan with onion, water, and salt. Cook gently until tender. Rub through coarse strainer, using only ½ pint of water in which celery cooked. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, sugar, and celery puree. Continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Add cayenne, chill well before serving.

FISH LUNCHEON SALAD

Five or 6 fillets bream or flathead, ½ pint white sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), tomatoes, lettuce, cucumber, curled celery, potato salad.

Wash fillets in salted water, dry, rub with cut lemon. Steam until tender, allow to become cold. Combine white sauce, lemon juice, dissolved gelatine, cheese, gherkin, and red pepper. When beginning to thicken, spoon over cold fillets arranged on a flat dish. Allow to become quite set. Trim edges, serve on bed of shredded lettuce, with tomato, cucumber, celery, and small whole lettuce-leaves filled with potato salad.

STUFFED BABY SQUASH served with carrot slices, peas, and spaghetti makes a good main course for a summer dinner. Cool stewed plums, velvety baked custard, fruit, and cheese complete the menu.

CHEESE ROLLS

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar and cheese. Mix to a dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to ½in. thickness. Cut into rounds, moisten halfway round each circle, fold over. Brush with milk, place on greased tray, bake in hot oven (450deg. F.), 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

GOLDEN MERINGUE TART

One cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1½ to 2 cups cooked apricots (fresh, dried, or tinned) drained free from syrup, 1 cup stale cake or bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs, few drops almond essence, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Fill apricots into cold cooked pastry-case. Mix breadcrumbs and coconut, add beaten egg-yolks, sugar, milk, and almond essence. Pour over fruit. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Whip egg-whites and extra sugar to meringue consistency. Pile on to tart, return to slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Menu 3

Piquant grilled steak
Grilled tomatoes *Potato straws*
Carrot straws
Whole green beans
Pineapple marshmallow

PIQUANT GRILLED STEAK

Rump or fillet steak, 1 scant dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce or meat extract, 1 teaspoon flour, pinch cayenne pepper, salt, rolls of bacon.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces. Beat margarine or butter with sauce or meat extract, flour, salt, and cayenne until smooth and creamy. Spread a thin layer on one side of each piece of steak. Grill 2 minutes under red-hot griller, turn, spread other side, and continue grilling in usual way. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls.

PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOW

Two cups shredded cooked pineapple, ¾ pint cooked pineapple syrup, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, chopped cherries or nuts to garnish.

Soften gelatine in hot water, add hot pineapple syrup, stir until dissolved. Allow to become cold, but not set. Whip until thick and creamy, fold in pineapple and lemon juice. Turn into wetted mould or pile into individual serving-dishes. Chill until set. Serve garnished with chopped cherries or nuts or both.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID OR PASTE WAX protects your furniture and floors and preserves their beauty — Insist on Johnson's.

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TO MAKE THE MOST OF ANY SNACK . . .

Whether it's a hasty meal at home, or a snack outdoors, don't forget that Mustard is a wonderful improvement. KEEN'S Mustard, of course, for Keen's brings out the hidden flavour in even the simplest dish.

ask for KEEN'S MUSTARD

FRUITED SCONE-RING is simple to make. First step: Roll 8oz. scone dough thinly, spread over 1½ cups mixed dried fruit simmered 2 or 3 minutes with squeeze of lemon juice, 1 tablespoon marmalade, and 1 tablespoon brown sugar, and cooled. See lower picture for next step.

Prizewinning recipes from readers . . .

Sweet, savory dishes

YOU'LL banish greasy gravy pans if you serve Boston veal with pineapple, which wins the main prize this week. The sauce is cooked with the meat, giving it a delicate flavor.

Quince delicious is an economical recipe. Quinces are now in season, and make a pleasant change in the menu served as dessert, or in jams and jellies.

Jellied cheese and apple salad is a good dish for special luncheons. Served with crisp greens, it also enhances the appearance of the table.

BOSTON VEAL WITH PINEAPPLE

Six veal chops, pepper, salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 6 pineapple slices, ¼ cup pineapple juice (tinned or fresh), 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, extra flour, fat for frying.

Trim chops, wipe with damp cloth, coat with flour, pepper and salt. Melt fat in frying-pan, brown chops lightly on both sides. Remove from pan, place in large ovenware dish. Cover with sauce made by combining pineapple and lemon juices and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and cook in slow oven (325-deg. F.) 1½ to 1¾ hours, or until meat is tender. Coat drained pineapple with flour, fry lightly on both sides in small quantity fat in shallow pan. Alternate chops and pineapple slices on serving-dish, pour sauce over; garnish with parsley. Serve piping hot with creamed potatoes and peas.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. S. Hazel, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

QUINCE DELICIOUS

Four quinces, 2 cups water, 1 cup sugar, thin piece of lemon rind, 1 heaped tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup boiling water, 1½ cups sponge or butter cake crumbs.

Peel and slice quinces. Make a syrup with water and sugar; add quinces and lemon rind. Cook gently until soft. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Remove quinces and lemon rind from liquid, and add dissolved gelatine. Color pink if necessary, allow to cool. When cold cover bottom of wetted slab tin with the liquid jelly, allow to set. Arrange sliced quinces on jelly. Bind cake crumbs with a little of the jelly, spread over quinces. When set pour remainder of jelly on top, chill until set. Cut into blocks and serve topped with whipped cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. H. Rose, 46 The Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

APPLE COCONUT TART

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry.

Filling: Half-cup thick, sweetened stewed apple pulp (drained free from syrup), 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup coconut.

Roll pastry thinly, line seven-inch tart plate. Decorate edge and cover bottom of tart with apple pulp. Beat egg, add sugar, coconut and melted margarine or butter. Spread over apple. Bake in hot oven (450-deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes, reducing heat after first 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Moore, "Iona," Rye Park, N.S.W.

JELLIED CHEESE AND APPLE SALAD

One packet lemon jelly, ¾ pint hot water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 red apple, 4oz. cream cheese, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, add salt, divide into 2 basins, cool. When jelly is beginning to thicken fold diced apple (cored, but not peeled) into 1 portion. Turn into wetted mould, chill until firm. Place basin containing remainder of jelly into a bowl of cracked ice, beat with rotary beater until thick and creamy. Add nuts and cheese, mixing thoroughly. Pour over first layer in mould. Chill until firm. Unmould and serve on bed of lettuce leaves with salad vegetables. Mayonnaise may be served separately.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. P. Rosenberg, 8 Moresby St., Wayville, S.A.

HUNGARIAN CREAM

Three level dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs.

Soak gelatine in boiling water, stir until dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons of the golden syrup, allow to become cold but not set. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in gelatine mixture and lemon rind. Pile into serving dish. Mix egg-yolks with remaining golden syrup and pour over the first mixture. Chill until set.

This is the recipe which last week won the cash prize of £1 for Mrs. E. Walker, 3 Miriam Street, Caulfield, Vic.

MOISTEN edges, roll to long, thin roll, press ends together to form a ring. Place on greased tray. Using floured scissors, snip nearly through at 1in. intervals. Turn sections sideways, as illustrated. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. When cold, top with lemon-flavored icing.

HURRY! When golf, bridge or shopping cut into housekeeping time, it's often a case of hurry, hurry home to prepare that dinner.

HURRY! This calls for something quick, slick and satisfying—and that means SAVOY! Delicious, quick-to-fix Savoy saves work, saves time, is always welcome.

HOORAY! Your Savoy dishes (tasty, tempting, steaming hot) will be family favourites every time. First in flavour, texture, food value; always insist on

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* A variety of delicious cold dishes and some really tasty, easily prepared hot meals!

* LUNCHEON BEEF
* CAMP PIE
* CORNED BEEF HASH
* PORK SAUSAGES
* STEAK & KIDNEY PUDDING
* BEEF SAUSAGES
* SAVOURY MEAT BALLS
* BAKED BEANS

. . . be sure the label says—

MAXAM

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NOT A SIGN OF DECAY
... yet he lost two teeth through neglected gums

Now! NO MORE NEEDLESS EXTRACTIONS IF YOU USE THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED

S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE — WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHOEA) WHICH LEAD TO PREMATURE LOSS OF TEETH

S.R.
TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. S.R.2.82.

1000 FREE BOOKS ON DANCING!

NOW you can test this wonderful course on dancing yourself—try this famous system in your own home, and if, after 30 days, you have not become an expert dancer, popular, and sought-after, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation whatsoever; all you have to do is to post the coupon NOW!

SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

IT does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to dance. The famous BOLOT system, the system that has stood the test of 25 years, guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—or IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY—it will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, Jitterbug, etc.—together with Modern Old-time. The Bolot System never fails—you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

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MAGNETIC Personality — Popularity — confidence, can be attained with Professor Bolot's wonderful course—you will find yourself sought after—admired by the opposite sex—invited out to all social functions—in short, you will become a "social lion." Dancing is the short cut to good times—non-dancers and bad dancers miss all the fun in life—now is the time to start. Take advantage of Professor Bolot's wonderful offer NOW, but hurry, this offer is limited.

"SURROUNDED BY PARTNERS."
"I am writing to thank you for the dancing lessons, which I received safely. I cannot thank you enough, for I am coming on wonderfully with my dancing. The latest dance I went to I never missed one dance, and when the 'Medley' dance came I was in the centre of a ring of men asking: 'Are you engaged for this?' 'Can I have this dance, please?' I did not know what to do, as I could not dance with the lot of them at once. I simply love dancing now, thanks to you. One man told me at the last dance that he could dance with me forever."—M.I. (Miss), Wyalong, N.S.W.

SEND NO MONEY

PROFESSOR J. BOLOT, F.A.R.,
French Dancing Academy,
Studio 38, Oxford St., Sydney.

Dear Sir,—Please send me by return post your FREE Book "DANCING AS A FINE ART." (Enclose 2½d. in stamps.)

NAME .....

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What this FREE BOOK is all about!

- How to Learn at Home.
- How to Dance the Fox Trot.
- How to Dance all Dances.
- How to be Popular.
- How to Improve Conversation.
- How to be a Perfect Dancer.

Copies of this famous Book will be sent FREE. Send at once for your copy.

DOORS set between floor-length windows at end of lounge (right) open on to a paved terrace which is surrounded by old-world garden beds. Walls of this room, the entrance hall, and dining-room (which open into each other) are painted in softest sage-green.

Eighty-year-old stable converted to lovely home

By EVE GYE

IN Caroline Street, South Yarra, Melbourne, there stands a rustic brick home, crowned with quaint chimney pots, sheltered by trees and flanked by one of the loveliest little blue gardens I've seen outside Worthing, England, where there is a garden famous for its blue flowers.

This long, narrow dwelling, now the home of Mrs. Noel Puckle, was once the stables of Avoca House—one of the landmarks of old South Yarra—built close on a century ago.

The two-story stable (comprising stalls, harness room, hayloft, and coachmen's quarters) is now a charming home.

In the reconstruction, bricks were found with "Clagmanon 1845" burnt into them. Part of a tombstone bearing the words, "In memory of ——, 1857," was also uncovered. The explanation is that tombstones and bricks were used as ballast in sailing-ships.

A false wall was introduced into the lounge (once the loose-box) because the original floor was five feet below street level. This provided space for the alcoves holding bric-a-brac on either side of the fireplace. (Note top picture opposite page.)

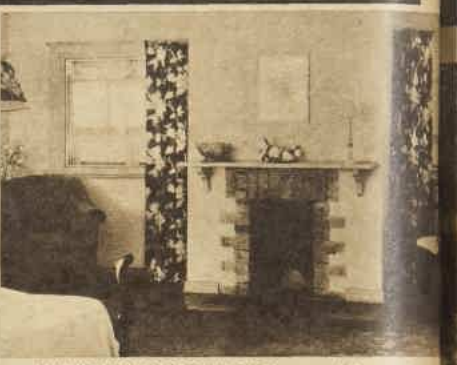
Structural alterations were necessary on the upper floor, which is now designed with a hallway, den, bathroom, and three bedrooms.

All the rooms, as the pictures on these pages show, are airy, light, colorful, and charming.

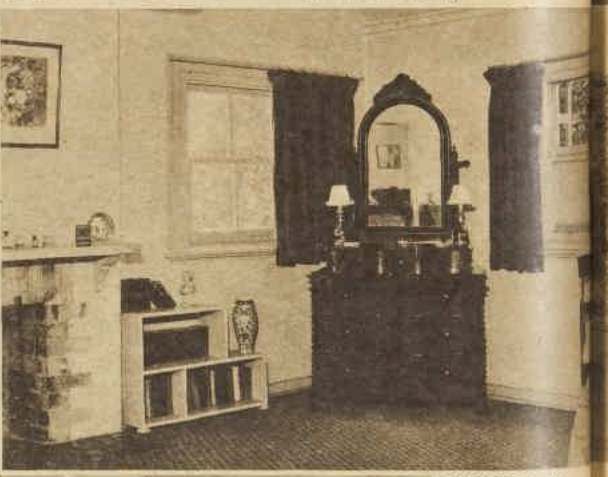
The outside is in its original condition except for a few new windows and a new chimney.

Wrought-iron gates, which are set into the high wall which divides the house from the street, were brought from Florence years ago by the late Rodney Alsop, the architect who supervised reconstruction. They were later copied for the Geelong Grammar School.

A winding gravelled drive leads to the garage at the rear of the home, linking midway with the flagged pathway that runs up to the doorway.



THE ORIGINAL FIREPLACE in one of the coachmen's rooms on the upper floor has been retained, as have the wide small-paned windows. This is now the guest-room.



CORNER of Mrs. Puckle's lovely bedroom, original stable windows of which overlook the garden. Old fireplace, with addition of plaster surround, has been retained.

THE graceful stairway with its wrought-iron rope balustrading. The open balustrading on stairway and at top of landing was used to give an effect of space.

THIS PICTURE (left) was taken from the entrance hall. The flagged pathway, over which spill blue campanulas, agatheas, lobelia, links with the gravelled drive.

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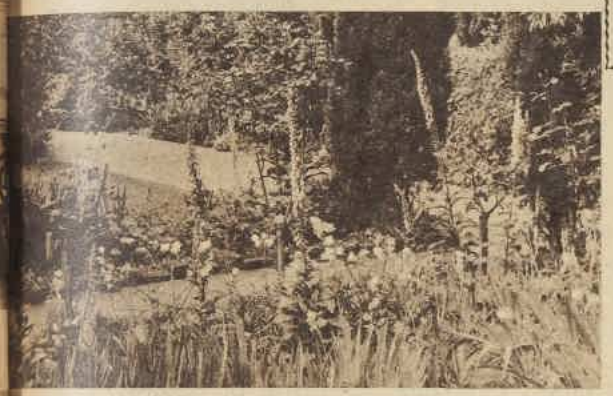
FOCAL POINT of the lounge is the fireplace which faces the wide entrance from hallway. Surround is of cream painted timber. Fluted moulding joins ceiling with wall.



WELL-ARRANGED BORDER BEDS of fragrant blue irises, agatheas, campanulas, and foxgloves are accented by well-chosen and contrasting shrubs and vines in this garden.

WHAT COULD BE NICER than a bed of blue? Edgings of gentians spilling over rocks, lobelias, nemophilas, and irises, with lofty delphiniums and nodding spires of English foxgloves, make a vivid splash of blue and mauve.

Garden Blues . . .

WHAT could be lovelier than a flower bed that yields some shade of blue every month of the year?

Depicted on this page are two scenes taken from such a garden, where gentians, with their deep, throbbing blues, rub elbows with lobelias, nemophilas, Alpine phlox, and forget-me-nots.

And at this time of the year, when heat drives us indoors, we can plan for the future and paint mind pictures in cerulean tones.

Bearded and fibrous-rooted irises come first to mind, for they are obtainable in many lovely shades of blue and purple, and they flower for many weeks in spring.

At foot we could set out bulbs of grape hyacinths, scillas, squills, bluebells, and the bluish shades of primroses and polyanthus. They are all good mixers, and their flowering seasons vary from week to week and month to month over the cooler parts of the year.

Campanulas, Canterbury bells, delphiniums, English foxgloves, lavender (both French and English types), the lowly agathea, and the charming Swan River daisy are all blue or very nearly so, and most are easy to grow and low in cost.

Anchusas, asperulas, Cape and everyday asters, cornflowers, larkspurs, linum, nigellas, viscarias, salvia horminum, and arctotis are others that can be sown from seed or raised from divisions before winter comes along.

Columbines, perennial asters, many anemones, globe thistles, lupins, meconopsis, statice, stokesia, veronica, and the pixies of the garden, violas, and many pansies are also obtainable in varying and lovely shades of blue.

Some of the scabious are blue, also verbenas, crane's bill geranium, eryngium, and lithospermum, and each and every one of them will provide its splash of color and make room for the flowering flush of the next-door neighbor, if planted in the bed devoted to garden blues.

If a background has to be provided, the lovely plumbago can be selected, or solanum wendlandii (potato vine) can be planted so that it will spill over the fence, with perhaps a ceanothus or a jacaranda to shed shade and blue flowers in season.

Even convolvuli and some of the perennial sweet-peas bear blue flowers, and if given tripods to climb upon at important points will add much beauty as well as fragrance to the blue garden.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

SHAKE curtains to remove loose dust before tubbing. Knot any fringes to prevent tangling. Small net curtains should be hung while still wet; drying them this way helps to keep their shape.

* * *

TO repair the worn edge of carpet, bind with carpet braid. Pegs are useful to hold braid in correct position. Frayed ends are apt to cause accidents.

* * *

IF your hands smell of onions rub them with dry mustard.

* * *

IF unpainted cane furniture looks grubby it can be cleaned by scrubbing with warm, soapy water and afterwards rinsing with cold, clear water.

ALWAYS hang stocking by the toes to dry; washable gloves should be pinned to the line or tied with tapes. Woolly sweaters should be spread carefully on a dry towel and pulled gently into shape.

* * *

IF the sparkle on your third finger, left hand, is losing its glitter, give your rings a beauty treatment. Diamonds are dimmed by contact with oil and grease, and soap collects at the back of them. A monthly bath in a solution of one part ammonia to three parts warm water, and brushing gently with a tiny, soft eyebrow brush, followed by rinse in clear water, is beneficial. Drain on tissue paper. And remember, never, never poke your diamond with a pin.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

" . . . WHY SHOULD a man let his hair go like that? Look at it! Dull, lifeless, full of loose dandruff . . . a thorough-going Dry Scalp job! I don't know why he doesn't try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp

IT REALLY DOES make a difference when you massage your scalp with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each day. It quickly helps to clear away loose dandruff, checks Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind. Your hair quickly regains that well-groomed look.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care — Both Scalp and Hair

Here's a REAL help FOR ACID STOMACH

If you suffer after eating—heartburn, pain, discomfort, or any sign of acid stomach (hyperacidity)—the only kind of help you want is RELIEF. Prompt relief from pain and distress, such as De Witt's Antacid Powder provides, is indeed REAL help. And you get it so quickly because, amongst other fine ingredients, De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one of the fastest acid neutralisers available. That's why even a single dose often gives complete relief.

But real help means more than just neutralising acid and relieving pain. It means soothing and protecting the inflamed lining of the stomach, so that the next meal will not be an added burden to an overtaxed digestive system. Thus, food is properly digested, the strain is relieved, and the pain is taken out of eating. Then Mother Nature, the greatest of all healers, has a chance to do her own good work. That's half the secret of De Witt's Antacid Powder's success.

So, if your meals are followed by pain, if you are distressed by heartburn or a sour uncomfortable feeling after eating, turn to De Witt's Antacid Powder and obtain REAL relief. Try this wonderfully effective remedy without delay and eat and enjoy your meals without having to "pay for it" afterwards. Get a tin to-day and see how much better you feel—after the first dose.

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis, and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6. Giant economical size 4/6

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For woolly winter warmth

Let the winds blow! Let the days shorten and the nights grow colder. Cold weather brings no problems for the wise one who protects herself with "Patolaine's" woolly winter warmth.

There is smart "Patolaine" knitwear in tailored jackets, cardigans, jumpers and twin-sets. There is a wide range of colours and designs. Each garment is firmly knit to keep its shape — and it carries the P.L.B. Shield guarantee of quality. You will find limited quantities on display at all good stores.

You'll love Patolaine Knitwear

This shield is your protection

In city shop or country store, you can always trust any article of clothing or material that carries the P.L.B. Shield. It is attached only to trustworthy merchandise. It carries a full guarantee of quality. This is a pledge to the nation by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

AT ALL GOOD STORES

PLB
GUARANTEED QUALITY
PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD

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FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"JUDY"—Summer Frock with the "New Look"

The frock is obtainable either ready to wear or cut out to make up, in a striped spun rayon material.

It is designed in candy stripes of white, purple, American Beauty (magenta-rose), jade, and lime-green; blue with scarlet, navy, gold, and white; maize with crimson, dark sand, white, and chocolate; almond-green with orange, lemon, chocolate, and white; navy with red, white, lemon, and light blue.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 47/11 (8 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11 (8 coupons), postage 1/3½ extra.

Cut Out Only. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 35/3 (6 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3 (8 coupons), postage 1/3½ extra.

"ESTELLE"—Trousseau Set

The attractive slip and scanties set is obtainable cut out ready to make up, or ready to wear. It is made of brocaded filament rayon in either white or peach.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, slip 24/11 (4 coupons), postage 10½d. extra; scanties 16/6 (2 coupons), postage 8½d. extra. Full set, 34/11 (6 coupons), postage 1/6½ extra. Sizes 36 and 38in. bust, slip 26/6 (4 coupons), postage 10½d. extra; scanties 12/3 (2 coupons), postage 8½d. extra. Full Set 37/11 (6 coupons), postage 1/6½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, slip 18/3 (4 coupons), postage 10½d. extra; scanties 8/3 (2 coupons), postage 8½d. extra. Full set 25/11 (6 coupons), postage 1/3½ extra. Sizes 36 and 38in. bust, slip 19/6 (4 coupons), postage 10½d. extra; scanties 9/9 (2 coupons), postage 8½d. extra. Full set 28/6 (6 coupons), postage 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering Fashion Frocks, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

981

No. 981.—Suit for a Little Boy

The little suit is traced ready to cut out and make up in a good wearing cotton material in shades of blue, green, and fawn. Work the ship motif (traced ready to embroider) in bright colors.

Sizes: 18in. length 7/11 (5 coupons) 20in. length 8/11 (5 coupons); 23in. length 9/11 (5 coupons), postage 8½d. extra.

No. 982.—Nursery Traycloth

The traycloth is traced ready to work on pure linen cambric in shades of pink, blue, and white. Size 17in. x 11in. Price 2/11 (no coupons), postage 1½d. extra.

No. 983.—Attractive Table Centre

The centrepiece has a lovely water-lily design traced ready for you to embroider on a pure linen in shades of pink, blue, green, lemon, and white. Size 15in. x 11in. Price 3/11 (no coupons), postage 1½d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

982

983

INTERSTATE ADDRESSES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 49(G), G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Fashion PATTERNS

F5029.—Ballerina dress. Pattern includes full-length skirt and length illustrated. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast for shorter length skirt; 7yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast for full-length design. Price 2/8.

F5030.—Child's frock and matching panties. Sizes 18in. 20in., and 23in. lengths. Requires 1¾ yds. 36in. material for frock and ½yd. 36in. for panties. Price 1/5.

F5031.—Suit with the new look. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/10.

F5032.—Slim tailored one-piece. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/10.

F5033.—One-piece with contrast trim. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast.

IT'S NEW — IT'S REVOLUTIONARY

SUPER VERM-X KILLS INSECT PESTS QUICKER AND REMAINS DEADLY LONGER THAN ANY INSECT SPRAY I HAVE EVER USED!

The SUPER-PLUS insect spray with MAXIMUM DOUBLE ACTION—Instant killing and long lasting

SUPER VERM-X
MAXIMUM STRENGTH D.D.T. (5%)

SUPER VERM-X contains TWO powerful pest-killing agents at NO EXTRA COST. PYRETHRUM kills all insect pests instantly. D.D.T. at MAXIMUM (5%) STRENGTH keeps on killing for months.

Fly proof your home NOW with SUPER VERM-X the proven, new and revolutionary insect pest destroyer and enjoy all-summer freedom from flies, mosquitoes, moths, silverfish, and ALL INSECT PESTS.

KEEPS ON KILLING!

Always Wakes-up HAPPY and BRIGHT

"Teething upsets" so easily pull baby down — yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains santonin, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty., Ltd., Sydney.

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"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising* MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

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